J. M. CARPENTER'S
LIBRARY.
No. 413

PITTS
THEOLOGY
LIBRARY

EMORY UNIVERSITY
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30322

MY FATHER BRADDOCK

MY FATHER BRADDOCK;

BEING

THE HISTORY OF THE TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, SACRIFICES,
AND WRONGS, OF THIS GOOD OLD MAN
AND HIS FAMILY

IN THE

Methodist Itinerancy.

BY

REV. JOHN SMITH, A.M., M.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY REV. W. BLACKBURN, P. E. OF EAST DISTRICT.

ALSO, A PREFACE,

BY J. BROWN, A.M., D.D., OF BELLEVUE.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY
PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,
No. 56 NORTH FOURTH STREET.
1859.

1859
Smit B

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

MEARS & DUSENBERY, STEREOTYPERS. C. SHERMAN & SON, PRINTERS.

To the Bishops of the M. E. Church, whom I love and revere; Her People, to whom I hope the power they of right ought to have will soon be accorded; Her Preachers, whose rights I trust will be protected; and, above all, my Eldest Sister, who one day will know my real name,

This Work

is affectionately inscribed, by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

READER—I take pleasure in recommending to your attention the accompanying book, written by the Rev. J. Smith, A. M., M. D., a gentleman of titles and great celebrity, whose reputation, in fact, belongs to two hemispheres. The book purports to contain a history of "The Labors, Sufferings, Sacrifices, and Wrongs of my good Father Braddock and his family." The hero of this book—if such he may be called—does not represent any particular individual, but a large class of men who are engaged in the active work of the ministry in the M. E. Church, who may read in the lines that trace the fortunes of "My Father Braddock," what, in all human probability, will be their own ultimate destiny.

The design of the author is to exhibit a life-like picture of the practical workings of that vast machinery called the *Itinerancy*. That much good has been accomplished through the instrumentality of Methodism, the most prejudiced mind must be compelled to admit; that we have now reached a crisis, when altered circumstances imperiously demand *some* modifications of the system, is apparent to every intelligent observer. "A froward retention of custom is as turbulent as an innovation; and they that reverence old times too much, are but a scorn to the new." But *how* are great changes, either in the Church, or the

State, to be effected? Are reformations or revolutions, if you please, to be accomplished by the cool process of argumentation? No, verily: the logic of mind may direct, but it requires the dynamic power of the heart to impel to all great movements. Men must not only be made to see, but forced to *feel* the necessity of a change.

The Book of Discipline of the M. E. Church, and writers upon our Church polity, generally, give but an inadequate idea of the practical workings of the machinery employed. Ideally considered, it is a system containing many elements of moral sublimity. What is more sublime than the sight of an individual, for conscience' sake, offering himself, soul, body, and substance, upon Heaven's high altar,—promising, in the spirit of the Itinerancy, to have no other will but the *will* of Him who calls and sends him forth as an ambassador to guilty men? But alas! how are such elements obscured, when we learn, that after the acquisition of a rich and varied experience, he who has borne the burden and heat of the day, must be compelled to step aside and give place to another, who, in his turn, is to be pushed to the same *sad extremity*.

True, we have men of age and experience amongst us, but, reader, comparatively few, who, in their appointments, are subject to the control of the popular will. It is a rare thing, indeed, for any minister, in our ranks, to preserve in unbroken continuity a well-merited popularity, who receives his appointment at the hands of a presiding officer of an Annual Conference. I refer not now to that attribute of *Royal prerogative* (I can call it nothing else), which has been so frequently exercised to prop the fallen fortunes of many a house—known among us as the *invidious "system of transfers."* The fault, however, is not in the men, either clerical or lay, but in the system, which generates a desire of novelty, which it is not in the range of possibility to gratify. It is the effect of a law

of the human mind, as certain in its operation as the laws which regulate the succession of the seasons, course of the trade-winds, and the currents of the ocean.

The questions concerning our Church polity, which are presented in the following pages, to wit—lay representation in the Annual and General Conference; the extension of the term of ministerial service; the Presiding Elder question, as it is commonly called; the life-time office in the Episcopacy—are the identical questions which are at present receiving so much attention in the columns of the various papers under the control of the General Conference. Their very agitation is an indirect acknowledgment that the principles of our polity are not, as yet, established. Hence, they are severally considered as open questions. And some of our editors have generously encouraged a free and full expression of opinion. True! some talk of the *fathers*. "Where are they? Do they live for ever?" Is this earth the possession of the living, or of the dead? What, I ask, is a *century*, in the history of a Church? It is not, respected reader, equal to a decade of human probation. Dangerous, indeed, would it be to teach that a youth needed not the wholesome corrective of a formative principle.

The only difference between the Doctor's mode of presenting these questions, and that adopted by others, is, that while they offer them simply as questions for the decision of the logical faculty, our author, after submitting them, one by one, to "an exorcism of a vigorous interrogation," unites them together, and in their combined influence applies them skilfully to the heart of the Church by means of the "history of my good Father Braddock" —a pure and guileless man—that *from* the heart, as from a battery, the "lightning of feeling may dart along the iron links of logic." How well the Doctor has performed his part, is a question for an intelligent Christian public

to determine. But, reader, whether that decision be favorable or adverse, there is abundant ground *for hope*—"for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as the soul, whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men."

With these observations, this book is now, like Noah's dove, sent forth, in the humble expectation that when it returns, it may, like the same welcome messenger, bear to its owner the "olive leaf," as a token that the troubled waters of controversy are assuaged. Then, I verily believe, the "Methodist Episcopal Church"—which the writer of this Preface so ardently loves, and which, in an humble way, he has striven to serve—will behold the bow of God's promise spanning the heavens with a *glory* and *brilliancy* she never saw before, and "go forward" to possess the rich inheritance which Providence seems to be so *kindly waiting* to bestow.

J. Brown.

Bellevue.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 9

CHAPTER I.

A character—My Father Braddock 13

CHAPTER II.

A few leaves of Father Braddock's history—his marriage in particular 17

CHAPTER III.

A few additional leaves, showing how Father Braddock and his family were removed from place to place, and how they fared . 24

CHAPTER IV.

A few leaves more; showing how Father Braddock was promoted to some of the best stations, and telling of some of the changes which took place in his family 33

CHAPTER V.

Containing an account of Father Braddock's family; and what took place in it up to their last year's residence in the River Station parsonage 41

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

A New Character.—Who succeeded Father Braddock at the Enterprise Station, and how he got there 49

CHAPTER VII.

Father Braddock's visit to Enterprise; and the reflections which it occasioned 57

CHAPTER VIII.

Some further account of Rev. Mr. Blackburn: showing how he went out of the Eldership to High Street Station, and some of the things that befell him there 63

CHAPTER IX.

How Father Braddock and his family fared after Mr. Blackburn left the Eldership 75

CHAPTER X.

Containing some further account of how Father Braddock and his family fared, after Mr. Blackburn left the Eldership . . 86

CHAPTER XI.

Some further account of the Rev. Mr. Herriott; showing what he did after being transferred 95

CHAPTER XII.

Wherein is contained some account of Mr. Blackburn's connection with the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church 101

CHAPTER XIII.

Containing some thoughts on Church polity, that Mr. Blackburn had prepared to express in General Conference; but was prevented from doing so by the extended debates on the Slavery question 108

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE
Showing how Father Braddock suffered ecclesiastical martyrdom, and how he conducted himself in his sufferings 120

CHAPTER XV.

Containing an account of Father Braddock and his family after his ecclesiastical martyrdom 132

INTRODUCTION.

It was with some surprise that I learned, a short time since, that my earnest and intimate friend, Dr. Smith, was preparing a Life of the good Father Braddock for the press. The reader of the book may learn from its Thirteenth Chapter, how I came to obtain this information. The accident, he will there find, which gave to him the notes of my great speech before the General Conference, resulted in my obtaining a knowledge of what was in his manuscript, and his design of making it public.

In two weeks after he returned my paper, he brought his work to read before me. I was much pleased with the first chapter,—but thought it somewhat imprudent in an author, so young, to reflect upon the system of government prevailing in the Church, of which he was a minister. I protested against it, for his sake; but he kindly requested me to suspend my judgment. After hearing a few chapters more, I became somewhat bewitched with his simple and artless story,—much of which, from my personal knowledge, I could

testify to be true. I consequently bade him to proceed, and thus had him to read me the entire work.

Indeed, I was so much pleased with it, that I felt my promise to him rendered it incumbent on me to write this Introduction.

When I had given him assurance of my determination, he requested me to state, for the benefit of those who might be interested in the different persons whom he has introduced into his history, that above every other, he admires and loves his Father Braddock, and hopes the implicit trust in God, which he constantly displayed, will be imitated by all his brethren.

As Mr. Herriott has left the denomination several years since, he is desirous that the description he has given of his success, may not embolden any one to become his imitator.

For poor Lotte, he requests that every tender-hearted reader will drop a tear. "Let no one think," said he, "from anything you may say, that her history is fabulous! Poor Lotte! I hope but few preachers' wives, of the present race, will be called upon to partake of the like bitter cup."

I have a few remarks to make in this Introduction, which are personal to myself. Dr. Smith has been pleased to represent me to the public, as a gentleman eminently prudent. That is strictly true. The reader will learn, while perusing the work, how he obtained my speech; but how he got

hold of my conversations with Father Braddock, the Spruce St. Committee, and the High Church Merchant, and especially, of my Soliloquy, is a mystery most profound. To me, it is one of those things utterly unaccountable; only on the hypothesis that he must have guessed them. It may be supposed by some, that as age is advancing upon me I am losing my habitual prudence, in thus permitting their publication. This, I must inform them, is not the case. The fact, that I allow my sentiments (many of which I was prepared to express before the highest Council of the Church) to be made public, in the manner proposed by Dr. Smith, and under my assumed name, every one must, at once, acknowledge to be sufficient to save me from such an imputation. I think it probable that my work on earth shall be done, before the real Mr. Blackburn will be discovered.

The attachment of Dr. Smith and myself to the Methodist E. Church, is so strong, that nothing, I am sure, short of death, will sever it. We have jointly made a few suggestions, which we think will, if adopted, render the Church of our choice more powerful for good. If they should not be accepted, however, we shall continue our fealty unto her, until our decease shall render any more service on our part, impossible. I have no doubt that there are many defects, as well as excellencies, in other communions; and my prayer for that with which I stand connected, is, that her defects will

disappear, as her excellencies shall multiply. I do not see why, as she is the last great development of Christianity, she may not also be the usherer in of the millennial glory, in which no name will appear, save that of Jesus.

> Then shall "all sects and parties fall,
> And Christ alone be all in all."

W. BLACKBURN.

EAST DISTRICT, June 1, 1859.

MY FATHER BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER I.

A character—My Father Braddock.

READER! whoever thou art, respect and honor the person whom I am about to introduce to thee. Thou wilt not meet with him often in the market, the exchange, or on the street. And among the proud, the worldly, and the gay, he never appears, save as a messenger from God. In scenes of sinful festivity he never mingles.

His locks have been "whitened by the frosts of many winters;" *yea, and other frosts.* Heart-sorrows have helped to change the auburn into gray.

Pleasant smiles are on his countenance, which are shaded over with a touching expression of sadness. Long since has he learned to feel another's misery. He has been very often in the sick-chamber, and by the bedside of the dying. He has wiped away many tears, soothed many sorrows, taken the burden of many sighs upon his own heart, and assuaged, by comforting words, many a grief. It has been his habit for a long time to repeat, for his own heart, this stanza from Pope's Universal Prayer:—

"Help me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

He is a sweet singer. His soul is full of song and music. He might set a cold heart on fire with the touching pathos of his melody, or stir up its depths with his enraptured strains, when his own is moved by the joys of faith and hope.

He is a preacher of the everlasting Gospel. In years gone by, he preached to the fathers of the present generation, and they hung upon his words with inexpressible delight. Beneath their power, many stout-hearted transgressors have fallen, whom afterwards he has led to Christ. It is said that when he would preach, angels would come down from heaven to listen, and return thither bearing with them joyous news of the repentance and faith which had been wrought through his word. He preaches as well now as he did formerly, with this advantage—that a ripe experience, an extended observation, and earnest study of God's word, have enriched his mind, and enrich his discourses. But he is not *popular*. "Times are changed," the people say. "We must have eloquent, sprightly, young preachers, who can amuse us with tropes, figures, pictures of fancy, and flowers; yes, beautiful and fragrant flowers. Everything is advancing. Old Time himself has renewed his youth. Knowledge has become intuitive. Beardless boys know more and can teach better than venerable sires." Ah, yes! The raven-locked children, now, as in the days of Elisha, say mockingly to aged prophets, whose experience and knowledge are invaluable to the Church of Jesus: "Go up, bald head! go up, bald head!"

Why, this man comforted their fathers, and nursed and cherished themselves! I knew him well, ere my father died, while I was yet a boy. He put both his sun-burnt

hands upon my head, and said, "God bless him!" His touch made every nerve in me vibrate. His words sent a thrill of hallowed emotion through my soul. I wept as he prayed. To-day, those feelings come back again; and, while I write, the tears are gathering around my eyelids. My heart glows warmly, now, that I remember this beloved Itinerant.

He used to come to my father's house, riding on his well-fed horse. The saddle-bags lay upon the saddle on which he sat. Neither spur nor whip had he. His broad-brimmed hat was white. His gray surtout and umbrella, folded together, were fastened behind the saddle. His coat was plain; at least it was so called, because its form was ancient. He was not given to change. His linen was always white. His form was manly, vigorous, and strong. He would dismount with agility, be welcomed at the fireside, converse and sing and pray with the family, bless the children as Jesus once blessed children, and then leave, to carry blessings and prayers elsewhere. And as he went, in a subdued voice he could be heard to sing:—

"Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark, monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind."

Not long ago, I saw a system crush this good man's heart. It struck the blow! I saw it strike. For the grievous wrong, however, no man holds himself responsible. *The system was to blame.* But who have reared this tremendous tyranny? What secret or overt combination has effected it? "Why, what was done?" What! This good man's mouth was closed and his lips sealed, ere God had commissioned his angel to perform this work. In all God's heritage, to which were given his youthful vigor had

ripe manhood, his sweat, toil, prayers, and melody, there was found *no place for him.* It had increased through his efforts; but the seed-time had passed, and others wished to reap the harvest: and somehow, as many others came into the field, he was excluded. "I am as strong as ever to labor," said he, "and as willing. My heart is in the work; but *there is no place for me.* I must become a Supernumerary! Ah! my wounded heart can never be healed." Well, Father Braddock, it must be so! The necessities of the case demand it. Many pity thee! They will share with thee their scanty means: and well they may; for yet the system they are building up may so crush them, that they shall need the same sympathy. But such sympathy can never gather up the fragments of a broken heart, and bind them so together that it will become whole again.

Be it my task, reader, to look into this system; to ferret out and speak of those things in it which did my Father Braddock the grievous wrong of which I have spoken. I love him! I must plead his cause. I love, and therefore must protect, the right. "I love Rome," Brutus might have said, "and I love Cæsar." Had he not fought by Cæsar's side? Yet Shakspeare puts these words in the mouth of Brutus:—

"Not that I love Cæsar less, but love Rome more."

Should I, in striving to save, injure; in vindicating my father, strike an oppressor; in loving my church—the church of my fathers, the best church, in my humble regard, in this or any other land—stab the accumulated and still accumulating power of my greatest friends, they may truly say, as Cæsar did:—

"Et tu, Brute!"

For I love them all.

CHAPTER II.

A few leaves of Father Braddock's history—his marriage in particular.

THIS chapter might be subdivided thus:—

§ 1. Father Braddock's parentage, birth, and education.
§ 2. His conversion to God.
§ 3. His call to the ministry.
§ 4. His admission into Conference, and his first Circuit.
§ 5. His successes, disappointments, trials, and providential deliverances.
§ 6. Anecdotes and incidents, extraordinary and otherwise.
§ 7. His marriage.

Upon the first six sections in these, the reader will be kind enough to look, and then pass over. They constitute leaves in Father Braddock's history, which, however entertaining, furnish but feeble arguments in our investigation. How Father Braddock came to be a minister is a matter towards which many will always feel indifferent; as also what sacrifices he made, *what tempting offers from the world he resisted*, and who voted for and against his admission into Conference. Father Braddock, however, has never written his biography; but if he should, I have no doubt at all it would be read with great avidity; particularly as no life is entirely without incident, and no such book complete without at least a few anecdotes. Concerning his marriage, it is fitting that I should remark that, at the time it was celebrated, the Church did not offer inducements to Celibates to enter her ministry with

one hand, while with the other she compelled those who had entered to marry as quickly as possible, or risk all their hopes of every position favorable to an extensive usefulness. In those days, such bachelors as Asbury and Whatcoat had hope, if their abilities would warrant it, of one day being promoted to an Episcopal Circuit; even such an one as these venerable men travelled. True, a married man would then get more money than one entirely unencumbered; but this did not imply that he alone could be preferred to positions where he might preach to the largest congregations and command the widest influence, because his temporal wants were the most urgent. Neither money nor need made the appointments then. Talents were neither bought nor sold. The work was in such a condition that he who married did *well*, while he who remained unmarried did BETTER. Now it is so, that if a preacher be married *soon*, he may do well; if otherwise, his state is hopeless. Yet can no man become an Itinerant who has a wife. The Conferences are so "greatly crowded with married men."

Still over the gateway into the Travelling Connection are placed these significant words:—

"ONLY THE UNMARRIED ARE WELCOME HERE;"

while on the inner doorway may be read:—

"ONLY THE EARLY MARRIED CAN SUCCEED."

Father Braddock had toiled for years in the work of the ministry, his only care being to save souls. He had been in charge of several Circuits, where the people had fed him and his horse, and curried the beast while they clothed the man. He would take his twenty dollars, at a Quarterly Meeting; not as so much pelf which he had earned, but as a protection which had been afforded

him against worldly care. He sang, prayed, preached, and rejoiced. It was a habit with him to repeat this stanza in his sermon, on the "Undefiled Inheritance:"—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain."

And being generally in great earnest when he reached this point in his discourse, he usually added this line, which, with the entire verse of which it forms a part, is now excluded from the Hymn Book:—

"I have no babes to bind me here."

His was a joyous life. It had always been so. It was still destined to be so for a long time to come. Even his marriage could not render him unhappy without other and unforeseen changes; and upon these I will not now dwell. I must speak of his marriage.

Lotte Jeffers lived on the Neck part of the *Old Bay Circuit*. This Circuit Father Braddock travelled in the twentieth year of his Itinerant life; and as scattered over it were *homes* at which the preacher was always made welcome, so in the Neck, surrounded by fertile and teeming lands, there stood the venerable mansion of Lotte's father, which the good old man had been pleased to style the "Pilgrim's Rest." In that house, Lotte had passed full thirty summers. In her girlhood days, at spring-time, she would run into the fields and gather the blue-bottle, the johnny-jump-up, and dandelion, and form them into what she called a "nosegay:" and when she had reached woman's estate, she planted the jessamine and the honey-

suckle, and a hundred other flowers, which caused the garden to become redolent with beauty and song. She did a thousand things beside these. Sometimes she might be seen coming from the "Pound," with her milk-pail in hand, singing for very joy. She could be maid, and she was always lady. Books were her delight; and when she could, she read them. But her greatest joy was to make her aged father happy. She, now that her mother was no more, was his human ministering angel. She listened to all his calls, and supplied all his wants. She might have loved some one of her brother's numerous friends, but would not surrender her heart while her dear father lived. They therefore wooed in vain.

And no one had ever wooed and *won* her, had not her father died.

This sad event, however, occurred just six months after Father Braddock came to the Circuit. I need not say how deeply it was mourned by all who knew the good old man. But poor Lotte mourned it most, and for some time she nursed her grief. The realities of her situation would, notwithstanding this, press themselves upon her mind. Her brothers were all married; her father was no more: what should she do now? She even, sometimes, found her heart going out towards her former suitors, and wishing she was young again, or enjoyed still all her first maiden charms. But she would call her heart back, and think on her departed father. It seemed to her that she sometimes saw him, in her night-visions, looking on her with the same fond expression with which in other days he had been wont to receive her kind attentions; though the lines of age and care were not now visible upon his brow. She actually composed a few stanzas one morning after waking from such a dream, expressive of the sense of his presence which she had enjoyed.

Stay! sainted spirit, stay!
And soothe my waking hours;
When smiles on me the approaching day,
Why dost thou haste so soon away
To Eden's bowers?

I know no tongue can tell
How happy is the home,
Where far away thou'rt gone to dwell;
And when I heard thy last farewell,
Thy time had come.

But sadly do I feel;
How wretched is my lot,
Since ruthless death away did steal
Thyself from me, and thus reveal
His dreaded thought.

Ah! when for thee I strove,
It was thy good, I sought,
For what may check the power of love?
And from me though thou didst remove,
I'm not forgot.

Stay! sainted Father, stay!
And soothe my waking hours;
When smiles on me the approaching day,
Oh, do not haste too soon away
To Eden's bowers.

She had read these over several times, when a slight noise in the yard attracted her attention, and lifting her eyes, they met suddenly those of Father Braddock. He had just returned to his home on this part of the Circuit. In one minute more he was standing by her side.

"That paper?" inquired the good man tenderly.

"A little poetry," replied the gentle Lotte.

"Thou art a poetess, then?"

"Not so! But when the heart is full of feeling, it will express itself—in broken accents, it may be—yet in real

utterance. These verses speak of my last night's dream. I saw my father."

"Didst thou? Thou must have seen his angel!"

"Ah, my full heart! He appeared so youthful, and yet so interested! He has not forgotten his daughter in her loneliness. But he has gone."

Gentle reader, I must let the curtain drop. I dare not reveal heart-secrets, nor show how near grief is to love. But Father Braddock read the verses. Father Braddock sighed; he walked to the window, he paced the floor. Lotte raised her eyes gently toward him, as he approached where she sat, and a silent tear was on either cheek. For the first time in her life, the thought occurred to her, "He may yet be my husband!" Her struggle to dismiss such an intruder made the crystals rest on beds of blushes.

And what did Father Braddock think?

He only paced the floor more rapidly. He was in a fit of abstraction.

It was a half-hour of embarrassment.

But the currents of love in the destiny of two immortal souls were about to change—to form one undivided stream.

Some life-unions are made in Heaven.

Father Braddock broke the silence.

"Might I not fill thy father's place?"

"And leave thy toils and cares—the great ministry which has employed thy mind and tongue, and rendered thee for a score of years a spectacle to the angels? Never! no, never!"

"But thou mightest assist me in this great work?"

"Assist thee! What could I, a poor, weak woman, do? I might nurse thee when sick, as I have done my father. But thou art strong, and God gives to thee thy bread, and makes thy water sure. Thou hast no worldly care. Hundreds are willing to supply thy wants."

"But we have power to lead about a wife or a sister. Abraham was a travelling prophet, and Sarah was always with him; Jacob buried his Rachel in a strange country, far from her father's house; Isaiah had a wife—and Peter, and some of the other apostles: why might not I?"

Poor Lotte blushed to crimson. Had Father Braddock seen to the bottom of her heart?

"I am not," said he, "insensible to female charms, but up to the present have kept myself free from all entanglements. I chose to do so for my sake, and the sake of my work. I wished to study—to show myself approved—to benefit the Church, not to burden it. Yet I have ever kept myself away from vows of celibacy; and now, *now*, NOW, as God has closed thy mission here, I think he points thee to the road upon which I am travelling. Wilt thou come along?"

A Bible lay upon the table.

In her embarrassment, she had laid her hand upon it. Her tears were flowing freely. Carelessly, but with trembling, she turned over its leaves. It opened on the Book of Ruth.

Father Braddock saw the name printed on the top of the page. He turned aside and ceased to walk. He put his finger upon one verse in the Book, and remarked: "I know thou wilt say this much?"

Lotte blushed the third time for that morning.

And in four weeks from that day she stood near that very table, by Father Braddock's side, and said as much in the presence of Rev. Mr. Blackburn.

Such a marriage was my good Father Braddock's.

At the next Conference, they received into the ministry ten single men. There was no room for the married. And these ten single men were in no hurry to crowd out their fathers.

CHAPTER III.

A few additional leaves, showing how Father Braddock and his family were removed from place to place, and how they fared.

THE mansion of Father Jeffers, in the Neck part of *Old Bay Circuit*, was, soon after the marriage of Lotte, left in the entire possession of her eldest brother, who had long enjoyed a joint occupancy of it. The Conference had closed its session on a Wednesday evening, and the good Bishop M'Kendree read off the appointments. Father Braddock's name was connected with the *Mountain Range Circuit*, which was about one hundred and fifty miles away from that on which he had found his companion. He left the seat of the Conference, and returned to the old homestead, where she had lived so long. After he had saluted his wife, and spoken to her brother's family, he addressed Lotte thus:—

"Well, Lotte, *the Lord has sent us to the Mountain Range Circuit;* and thou art doubtless willing to accompany me thither, at His command."

"Yes, husband," quoth she; "*if it be the Lord's will*, I shall go with thee gladly to the ends of the earth. To the mountains or the plains or the desert—to Sodom or Egypt; wherever thou goest I will go. I have taken thee for better or worse, for the Lord's sake."

And the trunks were packed for the long travel.

There were no railroads then to the mountains.

The brother's team conveyed the husband and wife to the steamboat. A few silent tears told of the pains of parting. But it was *the Lord's will.* Lotte had her patrimony. It consisted of a few hundred dollars. Ere she

left the house, it had been placed in her husband's hands, and transferred to his purse. Father Braddock fancied himself to be a wealthy man.

He might save this money, and add something to it. He might yet own a house *somewhere*, before he should die, and style it the "Pilgrim's Rest." He and Lotte thought so.

All the parsonages were provided by the Stewards, and furnished at least with heavy furniture: yea, and the travelling expenses were to be paid. And many kindnesses, too, would be shown them by the people. Should the family be sick, the physicians would attend without compensation.

So Father Braddock paid the steamboat fare and freightage, and hired the wagons for the long road to the mountains, paid his bills for lodging during the journey, and made his way to the parsonage. Father and Sister Braddock thus found a new home.

But the house was poor:

The furniture scanty:

The Circuit in debt:

And the Stewards indifferent:

Some of the people paid nothing to the support of the Gospel; they were conscientiously of the opinion that it should be FREE: others *paid twenty-five cents* a quarter: and a few bore the great burden of the cause of the Lord, by paying *two dollars a year.*

Father Braddock invested some of his money in a safe loan at six per cent.; expended some of it in necessary repairs on his dwelling, and for furniture; paid his travelling expenses, of course, and left the Circuit after hard toiling on it for two years; the Stewards owing him fifty dollars, the amount of the deficit on the appropriation they themselves had made.

But such a thing was not unusual. Deficits in those

days were never paid. I believe *they are not now.* The Discipline forbids any action, by which it may be recovered. There are many Circuits and Stations now-a-days, upon which quite wealthy men reside, whose financial history I have no wish to investigate.

But the people say: "*We have no part in the powers to make rules and regulations for our church, and should not be held to a responsibility for any defect in their working. Those who control the machinery should see to that.*"

Still, kind friends, why do you permit such a good man as Father Braddock to suffer?

It would be useless to tell how Father Braddock attended to the spiritual affairs of *Old Mountain Range Circuit.* The reader knows the man. Great meetings were held, and extensive revivals witnessed. The good man was universally popular. There is no doubt that he would have received the whole of his *allowance*, had it not been for a little selfishness in two of the Stewards, as the following private conversation, had between them immediately after the adjournment of the last Quarterly Conference, will explain:—

1*st Steward.* "And so there is a deficiency again! I am very sorry for it."

2*d Steward.* "But do you not think it is our fault?"

1*st S.* "It may be so. If I had not bought that Valley Farm for my son Jacob, I could have paid at least my two dollars."

2*d S.* "Well, the building of my barn prevented me from giving any money. But Father Braddock sometimes lodged with me, *and I fed his horse and him, you know, and always provided them with stable and bed.* I gave money's worth, if I did not give money. You know, brother, one must be just before he is generous; and I was compelled to pay my bills and notes as they fell due.

What I *give* the preacher, I set down to the account of CHARITY."

1*st S.* "The good man has lost four dollars, then, by us. I can't help him, though. You know I had to borrow something when I bought the farm. Four dollars, however, are not much. But he is fifty deficient."

2*d S.* "And you know that comes from our churches."

1*st S.* "Yes. The people were told by the Leaders that we did not give anything; and they took pattern by us. They might, I think, measure their own corn in their own bushels. They don't know where my shoe pinches."

2*d S.* "Nor mine."

Just then Father Braddock approached them, and they changed the subject of conversation. The first Steward asked who would preach that evening.

"I suppose," said the preacher, "the lot will fall upon Jonah."

And it did fall upon him. The hard lot of paying his own moving expenses, repairing the parsonage, buying necessary additional furniture, paying the doctor's bill (quite an unusual and unheard-of thing), and bearing the deficit on the Circuit, full fifty dollars in itself. Besides which, he preached that evening on these words:—

"Render therefore to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

The *text*, more than the sermon, injured his standing with these Stewards. The next day, which was the Sabbath, Steward No. 2 did not invite him home with him to dinner.

The gentle Lotte, after she had reached *her* first Circuit, brought her views down to her circumstances. She indeed remembered her father's mansion, and its somewhat elegant though old-time furniture. But after her cottage had been repaired, cleansed, and furnished, she was contented in it. She kindled her fires, made her bread, and

hospitably entertained her friends and whatever strangers chose to claim her attentions and kindnesses. The garden of the parsonage soon presented an unwonted bloom; and the hands which rendered it so cheerful kept on at work, until they had made desolate hearts to bloom, too, with the flowers of joy. The poor obtained flour from her barrel, and bread from her cupboard, and milk from her pantry. She was known in the meetings of the village as "*The Comforter of mourning souls.*" Father Braddock was often heard to say: "He that findeth a *wife*, findeth a good thing, and shall obtain favor from the Lord." He had indeed a fulness of joy at his own fireside.

Two years soon transpired; and Father Braddock and his family left *Mountain Range Circuit*, bearing with them the regrets and heart-prayers of many.

But his new Circuit, to which he said *the Lord* had sent them, was full eighty miles from his old. It was the *Valley-Dell Circuit*—"a *choice* place," the preachers told him, "where many rich farmers live." He found this to be so. And, as he moved his effects toward it with a light purse and heart, he hoped to find there some amends for his past losses. At Conference he had looked narrowly into his affairs. He had just sunk all the money he had obtained from Lotte that was not invested. The interest of the investment he put in Lotte's hand when he returned home. "I do not want it," said she. "Thou perhaps hast some use for it. Our expenses have been heavy during these past two years. How much money hast thou?" Father Braddock took out his purse. It was empty. He had given at Conference something to the cause of education, something to the cause of missions, something to the Bible cause, something to a poor preacher whose case was extremely hard, something to the sexton, something to the help in the family where he had been entertained. It

had cost him something to go and return. "Take it, husband! We must use it in moving," said his wife; and her breast heaved, but she did not sigh. Yet Father Braddock perceived her emotion. "It is because I have bought this new suit of clothes," he said. "Well, I will make it, with your help, last me at least two years; and then, it may be, we shall have saved something, as I am told that the people on the *Valley-Dell Circuit* are wealthy." He put the money in his purse, the purse into his pocket, and went out musing.

In one week from that time, the team that had carried his furniture stood at the door of the *Valley-Dell* parsonage, and Father Braddock was assisting in unloading it.

He settled his bill with the wagoner, and the wagoner went away.

The rich farmers on the Valley-Dell Circuit were planting their corn. They *could not* stop working!

The parsonage roof leaked:

The furniture was in bad repair:

The cook-stove was worn out:

It was two months to Quarterly Meeting.

Father Braddock's purse was empty, again, three weeks before that meeting was held. The interest had all been used up.

Father Braddock had credit, and opened an account with the village merchant.

The Stewards paid him twenty dollars at the Quarterly Meeting—the usual amount—and they said, "If you have an account at the store, you need not settle until the end of the year."

"Well, husband! How much did the Stewards pay you?" asked Lotte of him, when he returned home.

"Twenty dollars," said he.

"Twenty dollars!" she exclaimed; "Who ever heard

of a family living for five months on twenty dollars? Do the people here think that we are angels?"

"No," replied Father Braddock, "of course not. But they have full and plenty themselves, and treat with us as though we were living on a productive farm, and had our granaries and cellars full. They suppose, no doubt, that the merchant will give us long credit, and this little cash be sufficient for pocket money."

Lotte felt just now, that the *romance* and the *reality* of the Itinerancy were different things. She did not say a word.

Father Braddock preached and visited faithfully on the *Valley-Dell Circuit* for two years. He was immensely popular.

The people planted their corn, sowed their oats, made their butter, went to market, housed their crops in harvest-time, threshed their grain, and sold it; and on clear and beautiful Sabbaths, when it was not too hot nor too cold, they went to church.

On the long winter week-evenings, they attended extra meetings.

At the last Quarterly Conference, through a special effort, the Stewards paid Father Braddock his entire salary.

He returned home with his purse full of money.

But he emptied it thus:

He paid sundry little bills, such as the blacksmith's, shoemaker's, and milliner's; for Lotte had to get a new bonnet, so as not to appear at too great a disadvantage among the farmers' wives of *Valley-Dell*.

He settled with the brother who had furnished him with horse feed.

He took money out of his purse, and wrapped it up nicely in several packages. It was the Conference collec-

tions, which he had been compelled to use, and now felt himself obliged to replace.

The village merchant's bill was enormous. It was the last that he paid. Five dollars were all that remained in his purse when it was settled.

His interest had all been absorbed in his expenses—and his marriage fees—and his presents received in rich *Valley-Dell*—and his salary. He had not enough of money to carry him to Conference and back. The village merchant kindly loaned him ten dollars to defray this expense.

Before he started for his next Circuit, one hundred dollars of Lotte's principal, were, with her consent, and by her advice, in his pocket, as a provision against future contingencies.

Thus Father Braddock toiled and labored, and prayed and sang, and took Lotte with him from place to place, and used her means with her free consent. From *Valley-Dell* they went to *Glenden-Grove;* from *Glenden-Grove* to *Stony-Summit;* from *Stony-Summit* back to *Mountain-Range.* They found many noble-hearted men, and formed many strong attachments in their travels. They were happy. "It is *the Lord*," exclaimed Father Braddock, whenever he received a hard appointment, "who has sent us there." Sometimes he would sing—

> "The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
> From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
> To his saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
> So long as 'tis written, The *Lord* will provide."

Yes! in his estimation, it was *the Lord* who made the Bishops—for Bishops then, in this world's goods, fared no better than their brethren; and the editors, and book agents, and secretaries—for their salaries were small; and gave some preachers good stations in the cities—for though the stations were good, the work was hard, and

the compensation little; and—*sent* him to all his Circuits. It was THE LORD.

Father Braddock's, was, most certainly, a very beautiful faith.

Still, we should not blame *the Lord* for all the schemes and tricks of our fellows. He may permit them! He will overrule them.

Go on, Father Braddock, and preach the everlasting Gospel while you may!—It may be that the time will come when they will not permit you.

CHAPTER IV.

A few leaves more; showing how Father Braddock was promoted to some of the best stations, and telling of some of the changes which took place in his family.

The Rev. Mr. Blackburn was Presiding Elder on the *North District*. He had married Father Braddock to Lotte Jeffers. He was warmly attached to this, his senior brother, and his amiable wife. He had been his colleague.

The last day of Conference had come. The Conference was receiving preachers. Mr. Blackburn arose to address the body. "Mr. President," said he, "I hold in my hand the recommendations of several brethren to this body, and am entirely willing to lay them on the secretary's table, to be called up as the Conference may desire; but I would submit whether it would not save us time and trouble, to permit me to exercise some discrimination, and offer those names only who I think should be received."

The Conference acquiesced.

And Mr. Blackburn proceeded to select his men *for the Lord*. He may, for aught we know, have executed the self-imposed task wisely. But Mr. Blackburn's nod was, just then, more omnipotent than that of fabled Jupiter. Those whom he offered were received; those whom he kept back never reached the table. "*Felices et miserabiles homines.*"

That duty discharged, Mr. Blackburn walked quietly a few paces to where Father Braddock was sitting. "Brother Braddock!" he whispered; "cheer up! *I* have got thee a good appointment. Thou wilt go to the flourishing *Borough of Enterprise.*"

"*Bless the Lord!*" exclaimed Father Braddock.

Mr. Blackburn had done the Lord's work well for Father Braddock!!

His coat, however, had plead his cause before Mr. Blackburn's heart.

Thus Father Braddock got to the *Borough of Enterprise.*

He moved his family into the parsonage, and his furniture, too. But what was to be done with the furniture? The parsonage was well furnished. Carpets, chairs, stoves, and tables—these last groaning under a weight of the choicest viands—and a kind people assembled to make him welcome, did Father Braddock find in the parsonage.

They packed the furniture away in the garrets and cellar, as well as they could:

They sat down to the tables and refreshed themselves:

They spent the evening in conversation, and closed it with prayer:

The people retired to their homes.

The next morning, Father and Sister Braddock, with their three children, sat down, after prayers, to the breakfast-table. There was an abundance upon it. "Mr. Blackburn has done great things for our family," said Lotte; "I will ever respect him for it. It is a good thing to have a kind friend. I think we may now be happy, especially as we will have an opportunity of sending our boys to a good school. Oh! I do feel so grateful to good Mr. Blackburn."

"Thou ought'st to say, 'Grateful to God.' *The Lord is to be praised!* THE LORD MAKES OUR APPOINTMENTS!" rejoined Father Braddock, with a little warmth.

"Perhaps so," Lotte replied, "but I sometimes think he is helped a good deal in this important work."

Father Braddock looked upon Lotte with utter astonishment.

Their eldest boy, who was now in his tenth year, and who had vexed his brain a thousand times over this puzzling question of Providence, relieved his mother's embarrassment which had been occasioned by her temerity, by proposing a question to his father.

He raised his head up from his little hand, and looking Father Braddock full in the face, he said:—

"Papa! doesn't Satan help the good Lord sometimes?"

"What a question!" exclaimed his mother; very glad, however, in her heart, that it had been asked.

"This is a new question in theology," soliloquized the father. "But, my son," continued he, tenderly, "why dost thou ask such a question?"

"Because," replied Samuel, "it seems to me he did so in Job's affliction; for Job blessed the Lord after he had lost everything; and yet it was Satan who suggested to the Lord what afflictions should be visited on him, and then went out himself and brought them upon the good old man.

"Yes!" replied Father Braddock, "it does seem as though Satan had something to do with Job's affliction. But the Lord only permitted that; Job's faith saw the Lord's hand in it all."

"And it may be," quoth Lotte, "in the making of appointments that the Lord *only* permits sometimes, by not striking those who *unjustly and wickedly* interfere with them, dead in an instant."

"Well! well! it may be so," said the father, "still it is best for us always to say, with good old Job—'Blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

How Father Braddock fared at *Enterprise* may be soon told.

Samuel and George were placed at an excellent school, and made rapid progress in learning.

Little Sallie was suffered to remain at home, and with-

out any tasking, permitted to learn from her father, mother, and brothers, to spell and read. Her parents encouraged her to jump the rope, swing, and take exercise in every regard to which she had any inclination. And her brothers also were encouraged to assist her in her sports. This constituted their recreation.

The Stewards saw to all the wants of the family.

The salary of the preacher was paid promptly at the end of every month.

The people were extremely kind; and in almost every family which Father Braddock visited, he found those who had treasured in their hearts the truths that he preached, and were athirst for greater religious knowledge.

Father Braddock preached with greater freedom and power in *Enterprise*, than he had ever done before in all his life.

Before his two years there were completed, a gracious revival broke out, and the whole borough seemed to be brought under religious influence. An earnest preacher and a willing people, never fail to be blest with just such a revival.

Father Braddock had never troubled himself about church politics. He had always been accustomed to refer such things to *the Lord*, and to believe that all that was done, was for the best. A pure and guileless man, such as he was, any one might easily conjecture, would never call the motives of his brethren into question. It had never occurred to him that designing and plotting men existed among them, who were bent upon the advancement of their own interests. He had never comprehended the many *breaches*, *divisions*, and *schisms*, which had troubled and agitated the church, at whose altars he toiled as a humble minister. He knew that there had never been any considerable misunderstanding in her bosom,

with respect to doctrine. It was in this he gloried. And it had never occurred to his mind that it was *the Wesleyan views of theology, and the simple and highly practical forms of worship which Methodism had adopted, that had rendered it so immensely popular and strong, and all this in despite of its* ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT. He passed through the Radical controversy, as it was called, without understanding it, and most certainly did not perceive the fatal error into which the Reformers had fallen, when they assumed the position of schismatics. And he had never paused to ask himself the questions—Why the most thoughtful of his countrymen, who embraced heartily the very doctrines which he preached, kept themselves without the pale of his church? Why so many thoughtful ones, within that pale, murmured, and were discontented? Why so many left it, both of ministers and laymen? And why so many schisms had taken place from it, merely because of the nature of its government?

But Mr. Blackburn, who was his Presiding Elder, suffered somewhat from a mind philosophically inclined, and disposed continually to look upon everything as an effect of causes, either open or latent. It was natural for him to inquire—Why did such an event take place? Why was such an appointment made? Why are the preachers of one class universally promoted, while those of another are as universally depressed? And he had his views on all these questions, which he hitherto had *prudently* concealed. Could they have been expressed in writing, they would have been read thus:

"Some preachers succeed well in their appointments, because they are cringing sycophants, who are artful enough to impress the Episcopacy with the conviction that their conduct is suggested by the reverence they feel for the chief dignitaries of the church."

"Some, because they are Masons."

"Some, because they are Anti-Masons."

"Some, because they are Odd-Fellows."

"Some, because of their deadly opposition to all secret societies."

"Some, because they trust in the Lord for everything, and use all the influence they can command with Bishops, Presiding Elders, and the people—all of whom are the Lord's servants—to secure the object of their prayers—the very best appointments within their reach."

"Some, from the mere force of piety, talent, and industry. They could not receive an appointment, however difficult, without very soon making it desirable."

"SOME DON'T SUCCEED, because their schemes are too transparent, and defeat themselves:" and

"Some, because they trust so implicitly in the Lord, that they cannot see it to be their duty to contend against the selfish and unprincipled."

And such an one he knew Father Braddock to be. If he had not succeeded, it was not because of the want of either piety or talent.

He determined to converse with him at his third Quarterly visit of his second year, at *Enterprise*.

So, after breakfast, when the two were together in Father Braddock's study, Mr. Blackburn asked the good man this question:—

"Where have you thought your appointment for the next year will be, Brother Braddock?"

"I have thought nothing about it; I will trust *in the Lord*."

"Well, then, I will be his servant to take care of you, and I have faith to believe that I will make a good ministering angel on your behalf. I intend you for the *River Station* in the city."

"*Bless the Lord!*" exclaimed Father Braddock.

"But, Brother Braddock," continued Mr. Blackburn,

"you may not always have a friend in the Eldership, and I have entertained, for some time, the wish to open my mind to you upon some matters which have long given me great pain. I have seen, for some time, whither our church is tending. I pity my brethren! I fear for myself! The Methodist ministers, in the regular work, are, in my humble regard, in no enviable condition. They are placed between a *fixed* Episcopacy and an *unsettled* people, and are crushed; yea, ground to powder by the fearful revolutions of our vast machinery. I am not surprised that they are beginning to resort to schemes, such as *the study of medicine, and law, and to literary authorship*, to save themselves from degradation and poverty, in vigorous manhood, and an untimely ministerial death, when they shall have attained to a ripe experience. It is their highest wisdom to do thus. It is a very beautiful thing *to trust in the Lord*—but in your case, it compelled you to expend all Lotte's patrimony, and this at the very time of life that you should have been adding to it your hundreds every year. God placed it in my power to save you—at least, to delay the evil for a short time; but I fear a sad event awaits us both. We are advancing in years, and though the loss of our youthful vigor is amply compensated by an enlarged experience, our system will inevitably crush, except that God should mercifully take *us* away from the evil to come."

Father Braddock sighed. An undefinable apprehension of the most gloomy kind was stealing upon his spirit.

He made a mighty effort, and cast it off.

"*I will trust in the Lord*," said he, "and not be afraid."

"His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'"

"Oh, thy faith is so beautiful!" said Mr. Blackburn. "It is a treasure. I will not wrest it from thee to-day. Only let me say this much: The apostles of Jesus were, with one exception, martyrs. I am happy to be a witness for my Master: if necessary, let a wicked world behead me on the scaffold, or burn me at the stake; but let me not be immolated by the Church, where I first found Jesus, and upon whose walls I have so long labored. Yet, even has Jesus said:—

"'It cannot be that a prophet perish *out* of Jerusalem.'"

And the conversation was changed to another subject.

At the end of his second year, on the evening before Father Braddock started for Conference, the good people of *Enterprise* called at the parsonage, and presented Lotte with a silver tea-set, valued at two hundred dollars. This token of regard almost broke the good man's heart with gratitude and joy. He wept freely. He declared that "every piece of it should be kept—never should it be used but on great occasions—it should remain in his family for ever." Lotte, too, was deeply affected; but she was not so impulsive as her husband. The cares of her family had rendered her somewhat calculating.

Indeed, a tinge of melancholy had showed itself in her gentle spirit, which even the kindness of the *Enterprise* people had not succeeded in removing.

When, after the Conference, Father Braddock and his family had removed to the *River Station*, in the city, he found himself the owner of fifty dollars in cash, besides the present his wife had received at *Enterprise*.

He also here found good schools for his children, a pleasant and godly people, and met with the same blessed success which had attended his labors at his last station.

Father Braddock was now a happy man. The dread of the future, however, did not relieve the melancholy of his companion.

CHAPTER V.

Containing an account of Father Braddock's family; and what took place in it up to their last year's residence in the River Station parsonage.

I HAVE not told thee, kind reader, anything concerning the birth of Father Braddock's children; but thou hast learned already that two sons and one daughter were comprised in his household.

Having thus introduced them, a further acquaintance with them will be made by reading this chapter.

Samuel was the eldest. His mother was extremely fond of him, and, I may say, somewhat proud of his manliness and precocity.

The timidity natural to children was entirely worn off from his character ere he had reached his fourth year, through the constant familiarity to company which a parsonage always gives its youthful inmates. Indeed, many regarded him as a boy somewhat bold; and some persons would occasionally intimate that he was bad. Lotte was not insensible to the dangers of his condition. She checked his boldness, and labored to correct his heart. She taught him, as his mind could comprehend the lessons, the great truths of religion. She labored to make him understand what obligations to God had been assumed, on his account, at his baptism, and urged him to renew those obligations himself. She prayed earnestly for him. The father seconded her in all these efforts; but he only seconded her. He felt that he could not be first. "*If my children come to be anything*," said he, on one occasion, "*it will be because of their mother.*"

Samuel was not sent to school too early in life. "A child should not be sent to school," his mother used to say, "until he is fit to leave the nursery. Let him learn what he will naturally and without cramming, and take as much healthy exercise as possible."

At the age of nine, he was handed over to the care of a teacher. At fourteen years he was prepared for college. It had cost his parents many sacrifices to have him thus advanced, at the same time that their other children were receiving their care; but the hope that Samuel would reflect honor on their memory, rendered them entirely willing.

Their hope was greatly strengthened, by his having made a public profession of religion in his eleventh year.

Their daughter was their youngest child. She was just entering her seventh year when Father Braddock went to take charge of the River Station. Her name was Sarah; it had been given her in honor of Lotte's mother. I need not here describe her person. Her graces were those of childhood, when the hand of beauty moulds it; when Nature softly and delicately arrays the form with the artless and winning charms of girlish innocence, and Religion covers it with the mantle of spiritual loveliness. Sallie sang her little nursery hymns with all the devoutness of a saint, and all the sweetness of an infant's voice. A favorite verse with her, in which George usually joined, was:—

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
And a harp within my hand."

Many a time has the father laid down his pen in the study, and bent over to catch the sweet strains, in which

this touching stanza was repeated by the little ones—and in his heart, said "Amen!" to the sentiment expressed.

Little George was beloved of both his parents. His constitution was frail from his infancy—yet his mind was cheerful. He was fond of play, but would sometimes stop short in the midst of his sport, and clasping his little hands together, look up towards heaven, and ask God to make him good. He was two years younger than his brother; and when his brother joined the church publicly, he asked his father whether he might not also join. The good man could not say "Nay"—and his name was recorded in the class-book. The father has often told me that he could never tell when the Holy Spirit regenerated George. "It might," he thought, "have been in the womb that he had been sanctified—or in baptism—or God might have been working with him always." Poor George! how he won his parents' hearts. He came from school one day, after the family had removed to the *River Station*, and looking up into the father's face, he exclaimed—"Pa! I have felt all day as though I would like to go to heaven; and I believe I shall go there soon. I heard singing, to-day, in the air; and oh! it was the sweetest music. It seemed to be wafted toward me; and it fell on my ears so softly, that it was like a gentle whisper. I tried, Pa, to catch the words, and while I was right still, *listening*, I thought I heard these:—

"Sister spirit, come away!"

Pa! don't the angels sometimes sing so that we can hear them? They must be always around us, for I heard you read in the Bible about their being ministering spirits; and it seems to me, that if the shepherds of Bethlehem could hear them singing, I, a little child, who feel that I love Jesus, might hear them too. Oh! I do want to go to heaven. I believe I will go soon—very soon!"

The father took George upon his knee. The pallor on his countenance, and the hectic flush on his cheek, combined, at that moment, to render him indescribably beautiful; besides which, his eye seemed to be animated with unearthly fire.

The father kissed him. He could not speak a word—he felt as though he held an angel.

"Speak to me, pa!" said little George; "I want to talk with you about heaven."

The father tried to speak, but his eyes became filled with tears; his articulation was choked. He only said—

"George!"

"Pa!" said George.

"George! art thou willing to go to heaven, and leave thy mother and me, and Samuel and Sallie, all behind thee?"

"Willing, pa! I want to go!"

"And leave us?"

"Why, pa! you don't think I will leave you long, if I should go to heaven. I would come back, not to trouble you, as I have read in some books that ghosts trouble people; I wouldn't frighten you, but I would look at you, just as I saw you and mother look on little Sallie last night. She was asleep in her little crib, and you both came, and turning aside the curtain, you looked upon her; but you didn't disturb her—she still slept on. I saw you—for I lay awake on the trundle bed. After you went out of the room, I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was flying—not with wings, but without them. I glided so easily and quickly from place to place; I, at last, went upwards, *upwards!* I mounted above the houses—above the steeples—above the hills—the mountains—away up until, it seemed to me, I got above the stars—and up, *up*, into one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen; and

GEORGE TALKING WITH FATHER BRADDOCK ABOUT HEAVEN.

oh! what a multitude of people I saw there, singing before the Saviour. I heard them sing, and without learning the hymn they were singing, I seemed to know it, and joined my voice with theirs. It was too delightful. Then I came back again, and saw you and mother asleep in the bed; and I looked on you, and you just seemed to sleep on; I did not disturb you. That is the way I will do, if I go to heaven. I'll not leave you all the time; but will gently come back and see you often."

Father Braddock kissed George again. But he could say nothing. He knew that he would *soon die*. He looked on him as though he already belonged to another world.

Lotte came into the study while George was speaking. She looked on it as a *token*. She listened for a little while, and then retired to her chamber to weep and pray.

And it was a *token*.

There are many such.

George soon went out to play with and amuse his sister.

Lotte came back to the study, and as she entered, exclaimed, "The will of the Lord be done; we have had a *token* this afternoon!"

"*A token!*" responded her husband.

"Yes, *a token!*" continued she. "I am not superstitious. I had a little brother, who, just as I had reached woman's years, was taken sick. I didn't want him to die. I loved him so much, I would rather have died myself a thousand times, than that he should die. But he grew worse and worse. Yet I hoped for him; until one day, Susan, our milk-maid, came up from the pound, and said there was a *token* bird at the barn. She had seen him first on the very day that brother was taken sick, and every day since. He was so tame that he would suffer her to almost touch him with her hand; yet always just as she

was about to seize him, he would fly away. I laughed at her, but she only became more serious, and bade me, at length, to come and see him. I went! There was the bird, just as she had described. He stayed, and chirruped and sang about the barn. I saw him every day afterwards, until my brother died. But after we had him prepared for the coffin, I invited some of my young friends to come out and see the pretty songster. He had flown, I knew not whither. That *token* bird never came back again."

"It was but a coincidence," said Father Braddock. "It was spring when thy brother died. The bird had sheltered himself at thy father's barn during the winter,—and the very day that *one* was put in the coffin, the *other* flew to the forest."

"And it was that very coincidence," replied Lotte, "that made that bird a *token* bird. Now, mark me, there will be another coincidence! George's dream, the music of which he has spoken, and his conversation with thee, will be followed by his death. I FEEL SO."

Three weeks afterwards, on that very day, there was a funeral from the *River Station* parsonage.

Little George Braddock had become an angel.

They carried out his dust, and buried it in the city cemetery.

I have no wish to describe the parents' grief, consolation, and hope. The providence and grace of God have impressed them upon many hearts.

Three months after George's death, Samuel was sent to college.

Three years in two good stations, enabled Father Braddock to feel, that, notwithstanding all his losses, and the expenses incident upon George's sickness, death, and funeral, he might do this much in favor of his only son.

His mother was anxious.

His father had known how intense a struggle is required, in order to obtain true learning in after life, if youth-time be either wasted or robbed of sufficient opportunities to acquire it. He had never been at college, but had too much good sense to decry learning and institutions of learning, on that account. What if some very stupid men were quite complacent because of their diplomas, or some very talented men despised them? He had a simple view of this subject of education. "Opportunities could not manufacture intellect; intellect, without opportunities, was like a rich but uncultivated field." "*Intellect cultivated*," was his motto. "Let us educate our youth," he used to say. "Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Erasmus, Grotius, Arminius, Episcopius, the Wesleys, Fletchere, and Whitefield, would never have been the men they were, had it not been for colleges. LEARNING SANCTIFIED, is what the Church of Jesus wants! Let us have learning, but let it be learning BAPTIZED WITH THE HOLY GHOST."

Father Braddock wished to do for his son what circumstances had forbidden to be done for himself. How he had toiled to become learned! He had, almost without living help, proceeded through the Greek and Latin classics. He had read again and again the Greek Testament, and the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament Scriptures. He had puzzled his brains for many an hour, over the Hebrew, and said over Kal, Niphal, Piel, Pual, Hiphil, Hophal, and Hithpael, a thousand times. He had read in Genesis, and the Psalms, and Job, and tried to do something, and tried successfully. Yet he had not confidence to repeat one single line of the classics, or one verse of the Holy Scriptures, in their original tongue. He knew that, in the presence of the learned, his speech would betray him as a Galilean, and that those days of miracles had past, when the unlearned,

through the Spirit's aid, could speak with correctness and elegancy, in unknown tongues.

Samuel, therefore, went to college, and was admitted into the Freshman class. He had the heart, the courage, and the hope, to become a man useful and learned.

Sallie stayed at home, and by many a kindly art, strove to drive away her mother's melancholy.

The father preached excellent sermons; and the *River Station* people honored their worthy pastor. They freely shared with him in all his griefs and cares.

This might have been "the cloud with the silver lining," if "*a fixed Episcopacy*" and "*an unsettled people*" had not converted it into one of horrid gloom.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW CHARACTER.

Who succeeded Father Braddock at the Enterprise Station, and how he got there.

A MAN.

A little stoop shouldered, and his head inclined to one side. Slow in his gait, grave in his demeanor, yet exceedingly polite; with his dress always prim, and his hair combed and brushed with mathematical exactness, waving here, straight there, and curling towards his temples and around his neck, somewhat unnaturally.

A small hand and foot, and eyes too.

A rather small person.

Such an one was he, who followed Father Braddock in the *Enterprise* station.

He was the Rev. Mr. Herriott.

He was well known as a *fine* preacher. He had preached at the Camp-meeting at *Silver-Run*, the summer before, with decided effect. In his sermon, he had given a magnificent description of the "New Jerusalem." It was pronounced by those who had been accustomed to hear him, to have been one of his greatest efforts. And the impression produced by it, was greatly deepened by his having *swooned* away in the pulpit.

He had, however, delivered the discourse on several previous occasions, but always in neighborhoods considerably distant from *Silver-Run*.

He had several subjects, besides this, upon which he often preached with great power.

One was on "The Valley of Dry Bones:"

One on "The Glorious Gospel:"

One on "The Cross of Christ:"

And one on "Naaman the Syrian."

He preached this time on one of the most important occasions that had transpired during the meeting. Men, older, wiser, more learned, experienced, and quite as eloquent as he, had, to use a phrase well understood by those who attend Camp-meetings, been "*put up*" before quite small congregations. It seemed strange that he, of all the brethren present, should be selected to address the largest gathering. He himself apologized when he commenced his discourse, and kindly referred to his senior brethren in the ministry. The people were favorably impressed by his modest allusion, and inferred that nothing but the acknowledged superiority of the man had prompted the appointment. This was, however, a slight mistake. Mr. Herriott *knew the wires*, and had timed his visit to *Silver-Run* so well, that the Presiding Elder was compelled to give him the best appointment or none at all.

And Mr. Blackburn was too much of a gentleman to treat any brother rudely:

And Mr. Herriott too sensible of his own interests to neglect any opportunity of advancing his reputation.

Therefore, the good people at *Silver-Run* were treated with an exhibition such as carried away many a one of them captive. There was a general inquiry after the stranger and his health, and much solicitude felt on his account. And whenever, in answer to the question, "Who is he?" the name of "*Herriott*" was pronounced, the exclamation would be made, "And so that was Mr. Herriott, of whom we have heard so much?"

Mr. Herriott, in his younger days, had attended theatrical exhibitions quite frequently; and had there learned the effect of the drama, and how also he might exert its power.

Indeed, for some time he hesitated which profession to choose—that of an actor on the stage, or that of an actor in the pulpit. Various considerations induced him to adopt the latter.

No one thought him original:

Or learned:

Or profound:

Or specially gifted.

Yet who has not been carried away by exhibitions of dramatic skill? One who can attain it, may wield a power over the grave and gay which learning and eloquence combined cannot give him.

At any rate, we want more action in the pulpit!

But that which Mr. Herriott employed, he determined should promote his interests. It was a ladder on which he meant to climb to greatness.

Mr. Herriott fell in with some of the *Enterprise* people at the Camp-meeting.

They expresed themselves delighted with his discourse.—He might come sometime to *Enterprise* and preach for them.—They would suggest it to Father Braddock.—They were sure he would extend to him a cordial invitation, and give him a hearty welcome.

Mr. Herriott nodded assent. He would be "much pleased to visit *Enterprise*. He certainly was favorably impressed from what he had heard of the liberality and kindness of the people there; but it seemed to him that the half had not been told him."

During the succeeding winter, Mr. Herriott spent an entire week, including the Sabbath, in the *Borough of Enterprise*. It was during the revival, that this visit was made, and at the earnest invitation of Father Braddock.

He preached several very fine sermons; but his sermon on "Jacob's Ladder," was the one most specially admired.

The Stewards waited upon him, through a committee, the next morning after this sermon had been preached.

"How would you," inquired they, "like to be our pastor for the next two years?"

"I would," he replied, "be much pleased to serve you, if the appointment could be secured for me; and your salary increased to the figure paid by *Uptown Station*, in the city. The people want me there, and I have learned that they intend making a special effort to secure my services. It would displease them, you know, were I to express a preference for *Enterprise;* and you could not hope to compete with them, if your salary were smaller than theirs."

"Ah!" said the committee, "as to salary, we shall not be outdone by *Uptown.* We desire to make our preacher comfortable; and 'where there's a will, there's a way.' But if you would be willing to come, we would try and influence the appointment, by expressing our wish to the Presiding Elder, at the ensuing Quarterly Conference."

"But, do you think," asked Mr. Herriott, "that that would be the better way? *You know the Bishops fix the appointments.* Presiding Elders are only a kind of go-between, and are relied on chiefly to represent those circuits and stations that are not so important, and the wants of those preachers who are not the more talented. But for the best stations and preachers, the Bishops desire special committees to wait on them, and urge their claims. Their ear is constantly open to such. And if you will go immediately to the Bishop who will preside over the next Conference, you will have this advantage, that *you can say to him exactly what you may desire.* He will hold in his memory sacredly what you may say. *It is better not to speak too loud.* You might express your desire to the Presiding Elder personally, and secure his influence, if possible; but there are many things you had better not

say to him, which you may safely intimate to the Bishop. It is known that the Elder is an earnest friend of Father Braddock—and if I can judge of your condition here, *you want a much younger man than he, and one more sprightly, and generally attractive.* If you will, therefore, take my advice, you will wait upon the Bishop in person, at the next Conference, and urge your claim."

This was artfully and well said. Mr. Herriott had given a new idea to his friends.

He did not see how it might work an injury to Father Braddock.

But he did see how it might advance himself.

He had said something like this to the *Uptown Station* committee, and to a few friends from *High St. Church*, who had conversed with him at the *Silver-Run Camp.*

And he foresaw how these committees would each press their claims for him—the Rev. Mr. Herriott.

And that this pressure would give him consideration in the eyes of the Episcopacy.

He was quite sure of a good appointment, at *Enterprise*, or *Uptown*, or *High St.*

Happy Mr. Herriott! so young, and yet so popular.

But had he not misrepresented the Episcopacy? Methodist Bishops are among the kindest, the most genial, and the most humble men, I have known. They are perfect specimens of Christian gentlemen—pure, and kind, and unsuspecting. The Episcopacy in the Methodist E. Church has never been scandalized by a backslidden, plotting, partial, time-serving incumbent. I hope it never may; for if it should, there is power sufficient connected with it, to enable such an one to "out-herod Herod;" and being a *life office*, Herod, should he ever become Bishop, would enjoy a *long* reign.

But what man, who tabernacles in flesh and blood, can, in the space of one short week, preside for five long

hours, daily, over a Conference, met in a crowded house, sit for six or eight more, locked up with a half-dozen men, in a room ten feet square, listen to one hundred and fifty committees, who appear at his own private ear-gate, day after day, with their special pleadings, and hear as many preachers, patiently, while they declare and urge their wishes, without, if he do justice to any of them, being compelled to make such the special objects of his favor?

The kind reader exclaims, "It were better that the Bishop and his counsel were left untrammelled!"

"Better!" we say—"INFINITELY BETTER!"

But it is too late to reform, in this regard, if things are to continue as they now are. And besides, it would *not* suit *High St.*, *Uptown*, *River*, and *Enterprise Stations*—nor even *Valley-Dell* and *Mountain-Range Circuits.*

And, then, what would such men as Mr. Herriott do?

The ensuing Conference held its session.

The business, which was of a public character, was transacted in open Conference.

Deacons were made:

Elders were made:

Characters were examined. Not one in the body was found to be in the least tainted. They all passed. *But many a secret stab at character was made near the door of the Council chamber.* And I regret to say, that my Father Braddock's did not escape a wound; and that that, too, was inflicted by his kind friends in *Enterprise.* But, reader, they did not mean it.

Resolutions were acted upon:

Young men were received into the ministry: All of them *unmarried:*

It was publicly announced that the body was crowded with MARRIED MEN. This announcement was understood to be official; and it carried with it the conviction that

some married men would be necessarily afflicted. Father Braddock was seen to heave a sigh when it was made.

The making of the appointments was attended to during the Conference.

The Bishop and six men sat around a table, in the council chamber. These sessions were secret.

At certain hours, committees and preachers might be seen standing quietly, or whispering in groups around the door.

When the door was opened, the Bishop and every Elder would be approached by certain committees or preachers; short and rapid interviews would take place; and the company finally disperse.

A scene similar might be witnessed when the council were assembling.

And in the secret session, the best that could be done was done for all:—

But the best that could be done for some was *terrible*.

At the last night—at silent, solemn, sad midnight—the appointments were read off. I will record but two:

"*Enterprise*, H. Herriott.

"*River Station*, J. Braddock."

The *Enterprise* committee had succeeded. Elder Blackburn had been a good ministering angel for Father Braddock: he had kept his word.

But who was responsible for all the appointments? Who had compelled some preachers to move from *Mountain Range* to *Valley-Dell*—from *Glendon-Grove* to *Mountain Range*—from *Old Bay* to *Stony Summit?* Who? "The Bishop," reader, "the Bishop read the appointments!!! The Bishop *fixed* them."

And the Episcopal office is for life—the Bishop's salary is fixed by the Conference within whose bounds he resides—and it is paid to him from the Book Concern. Ye ministers of Jesus, who have been wronged, complain to

him, if ye desire! The story of your suffering may reach his heart, but no resistance can affect his power: and ere he will preside over the Conference again, with a firm resolve, it may be, to do you justice, ye may be in your graves, while your widows and orphans shall be pensioners upon the bounty of that Church to which you have given so much earnest toil.

But who *made*—not fixed—the appointments?

Mr. Herriott and the *Enterprise* committee made one:

Elder Blackburn made one, at least:

Some were made by the preachers themselves:

And none were *made* by the Bishop: he only fixed them. In a word: *He was the visible responsibility, but unassailable, to protect the invisible actors, who might otherwise have been held responsible for any wrongs that they had inflicted.*

"A FIXED EPISCOPACY, AND AN UNSETTLED PEOPLE."

And between *these* two millstones, the ministers of Jesus.

Yet there is this advantage: those who are not ground to powder are made to shine by the constant friction to which they are subjected.

So, after the adjournment of the Conference, the preachers scattered; some, to nurse their secret griefs—some, to console their afflicted families—some, to battle against disappointment by earnest faith and hope—some, to hasten gladly to genial fields, where their earnest lay fellow-laborers were in waiting to give them an hearty welcome—and *all*, to toil in the vineyard of their Lord.

Father Braddock, as the reader is aware, went to the *River Station:* and Rev. Mr. Herriott took his place at the goodly *Borough of Enterprise.*

CHAPTER VII.

Father Braddock's visit to Enterprise; and the reflections which it occasioned.

THE kind people at *Enterprise*, after Father Braddock had been away from them for about eighteen months, prevailed on the Rev. Mr. Herriott to invite their old friend to visit them, and spend a Sabbath.

The good old man sent an affirmative answer to this invitation; and on the Saturday evening following, he stepped from the cars, into the station-house of this goodly borough.

There was a committee there to welcome him, and conduct him to his lodgings.

He met Mr. Herriott there.

And that evening witnessed a very pleasant interview.

The next day, Father Braddock preached twice, and visited the Sabbath School, where he delivered one of his characteristic addresses. The children were perfectly delighted.

For the three following days, Father Braddock mingled freely among his old friends. He told them how he had fared since he left them; how his dear little George had sickened and died; how Mrs. Braddock mourned for her son, and refused to be comforted, though she bowed submissively to the will of God; and how willingly she had spared Samuel from her presence, that he might go to college.

His friends, on their part, told him many things.

The church was prosperous:

Mr. Herriott drew large congregations:

But many of the old members were offended at his want of sympathy with them. They complained that his discourses did not nourish their souls; there was nothing in them that they cared to remember and reflect upon. They said that "the Sunday School seemed to be in a declining condition; Mr. Herriott never visited it; neither had he nursed the young members, and the most of them had fallen away. There is a vast difference," they continued, "between having the pews crowded, and the church built up. Mr. Herriott draws the people, but does not church them; or if he does, they are of that class of persons who act impulsively, and without reflection."

Father Braddock was intensely pained, and begged his friends to say nothing against their pastor, even to *him*.

Still, his penetration alone had enabled him to discover some things. In his judgment—

The school had declined:

Many of the leading citizens of the borough had lost their interest in the church:

Mr. Herriott was a tactician:

He advertised in the papers; preached sermons on unusual subjects; made capital by operating through different associations that prevailed in the borough; and drew largely upon the *dramatical*, to win the attention of the less reflecting of the people. And these things accounted for his large congregations.

What Father Braddock saw and heard had a strange influence upon his mind. It turned, for once, his thoughts towards church politics, and led to the production of the following

"REFLECTIONS:"

"The last great development of the progress of the Christian religion, is Methodism, whose genius is that of assimilation. It has a peculiar adaptation to man's

spiritual wants; it, if I may use such an expression, assimilates itself to the exigencies they occasion."

1. "*The desire of a regenerated nature is, that all men may be saved.* This is a peculiar doctrine of Methodism. There is no Calvinistic restriction, express or implied, placed by Methodism on the universality of the atonement. That Christ 'tasted death for every man,' is a sentiment held most firmly and universally by the Methodist E. Church. The Catholic, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Episcopal Churches, either deny, or else are divided upon it; but here, Methodism is a great unit."

2. "*The desire of a regenerated nature is, that it may work for Christ and souls.* Methodism has plans and institutions by which this desire is fostered and encouraged. As soon as a soul is born again, he is encouraged to speak and labor. The Sunday School, the Prayer Meeting, the Class Meeting, and the Love-feast, furnish him with abundant opportunities in these regards. Besides which, there is no church that insists so much upon family religion. Then also, her provisions for the employment of talent are unrivalled. Offices exist within her pale of such variety and abundance, that almost every one may become a kind of standard bearer. A person may be a Tract Distributor, a Steward, a Trustee, a Sabbath School Officer, a Prayer Leader, a Class Leader, an Exhorter, a Local Preacher, or Deacon, or Elder, or if his talents warrant it, and his family permit, a Travelling Minister in her connexion."

3. "*The desire of a regenerated nature is, always for a growth in grace.* The doctrines of Methodism teach that Christian perfection is attainable in this life—but only such a perfection as is consistent with greater maturity and further advancement. Thus is the desiring soul

led forward in the Christian life, ever desiring, and ever expecting, and what is better, *ever attaining.*"

4. "*Methodism is adapted to the great design and wish which she entertains of converting the world.* Look at her splendid Missionary schemes, and their successes! Look at her unrivalled Itinerancy!"

"This Itinerancy she must keep unimpaired."

"To destroy it, would be to rob her of one of her greatest glories."

"Yet I humbly conceive, that in regard to this institution, we are too rigorous for our own prosperity, as a church."

"Why, when every Travelling Preacher among the many thousands within the pale of Methodism, must, and *ought* to submit to an annual appointment, should there be an inexorable law, applying only to those in the pastorate, requiring his removal from any place he may have occupied, at the end of two years?"

"*This has no sanction from Apostolic times.* Paul, the greatest Itinerant among those who had seen Jesus Christ, abode much longer in Ephesus—and did so, doubtless, because it was not only expedient, but necessary. Timothy and Titus held their several positions for a number of years. James remained at Jerusalem for a long time. It was doubtless expediency, or speaking more correctly, *the indications of Providence*, that controlled the movements of the primitive church. But such an expediency can never be practised where there is an iron rule. Methodism should not fight against God."

"*It is attended with a vast expense.* The unnecessary, and in many cases the hurtful, removals from place to place required by Discipline, are made at a cost sufficient to send missionaries enough to India and China, under the blessing of God, to secure their regeneration. It has cost me, to move from place to place, at least fifteen dollars

annually since my marriage. This, I am certain, is a low estimate, and not above what my brethren have paid. Our Itinerancy, as it now exists, is consequently sustained at the immense annual cost of ninety thousand dollars. Some of this is paid by the Church, but most of it comes directly from the preachers themselves."

"*It prevents the ministers of the Methodist E. Church from obtaining and holding over the leading minds of this country an influence which would give permanency to our Church.* The best minds in *Enterprise*, who have often told me that they hated Calvinism, are, I find, now attaching themselves to the leading Calvinistic Church of that place; because, as they inform me, its minister does not present the offensive features of his creed for their acceptance, and is withal so gentlemanly, pious, and evangelical, that though Methodists in heart and in faith, they must become Calvinists in fact."

"*It encourages a restlessness in our people and congregations.* Full houses, sometimes, and empty churches go together. When the attraction in the pulpit departs, the pews are vacant."

"*We cannot keep our children.* They are made good staple for other congregations and churches."

"*It compels us to lose our converts by thousands and hundreds of thousands.* OH, MY DEAR SPIRITUAL CHILDREN AT ENTERPRISE!! WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THEY?? Their father was torn away from them, long before they were able to walk alone. They were thus blighted and blasted in their first love."

"*It occasions vast trouble and dissatisfaction in making the appointments.* I should wonder, indeed, if it were not the occasion of much sin, envy, and heart-burning, where so many interests are at stake and in conflict."

"Yet I do love the Itinerancy, and I know it is beloved by every true child of Methodism. It can never be aban-

doned. Preachers and people will hold on to it; but I hope not unto the iron rule that controls it. I expect to live to see that day when Answer 3d of Question 3d, in the Section on Bishops in the Methodist Discipline, will have a more simple reading than it has now, and the "*provided*," and "*except*," shall be taken from it, and all that appears in connection with them."

"THEN WILL OUR ITINERANCY BE CONTROLLED BY A SOUND EXPEDIENCY."

"*As it is now, the exceptions are the rule, and the rule is the exception.*"

"Preachers may be appointed to any place—to the Eldership, as secretaries, editors, agents, teachers, supernumeraries, missionaries on foreign stations, *or to colored people or state prisons or sailors*, for more than two years successively; and only the *pastors cannot.*"

"The *shepherd* only must leave his flock, however much he loves them."

"The *flock* must lose their shepherd, however much they need him."

"I do not believe that such a compelled rupture of the most sacred ties is for the glory of God."

Neither do I, Father Braddock.

"But," says the reader, "the Methodist Church has grown beyond precedent."

"True!" we reply, "but it has been in despite of this iron rule."

Father Braddock's reflections were written on the next day after his return home to the parsonage on *River Station*.

He had previously told Lotte all about his visit.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some further account of Rev. Mr. Blackburn: showing how he went out of the Eldership to High Street Station, and some of the things that befell him there.

THE Conference that was held at the close of Father Braddock's first year, at the *River Station*, had an indirect influence on the destinies of that good man; for it was at that Conference that Mr. Blackburn went out of the Eldership. He had filled the office well, and might have been continued in it for some time longer, but for the rule which requires the removal of the incumbent at the end of four years. I cannot say, however, in this case, so much for the office, as for the man—though I have heard many things urged on its behalf; among which, I may note the following:—

1. It makes the preachers *behave well*—inasmuch as they are under the special charge of its incumbents.

2. It serves as eyes and ears to the Episcopacy.

3. It is an excellent engine to carry out Episcopal designs.

4. It gives to Quarterly Meetings and Quarterly Conferences a questionable dignity:

5. And sustains the chief dignitaries of the Church in the exercise of an unquestionable power.

6. Besides which, it is a refuge for age and experience in these degenerate times, when so many people have "itching ears," from which the Conferences may take their delegates to the great legislative and judicial body of the church, the General Conference.

I do not desire to dwell long on the consideration of

this office. It is one of the institutions in the Methodist E. Church, which has always been a cause of much discontent—and this, for several reasons:—

1. *Its incumbents hold their position by a direct appointment from the Episcopacy.* This feature in the office met, as I have been informed, with great opposition from the very first. And at one time, many years ago, the preachers, in General Conference, fully resolved that the office should be elective; that its incumbents might thus be the representatives of the preachers. A Bishop, newly elected, opposed this matter with such earnestness, that the Conference receded from this point, and permitted thus, the balance of power, both executive and legislative, to pass from their hands. Since that time, the Episcopacy has had everything pretty much in its own way—as the Bishops appoint the Presiding Elders, and the preachers, knowing well the amount of patronage that is vested in them, elect them to the General Conference. This may all be right. But what man of penetration does not see what a vast amount of power it accumulates in the hands of the Episcopacy?

2. *This office is burdensome to the people.* They are compelled to pay its incumbents, without *seeing* how they receive an equivalent.

3. *It unfits men for the Pastoral office.* A man who has been four or eight years a Presiding Elder, very seldom makes a good pastor afterwards—the qualifications of one office being so entirely dissimilar from those necessary for the other.

4. *It is, in many places, so entirely useless.* "Why!" exclaims the reader; "how could the appointments be made without this office?" "In many ways," we answer; "and in this in particular. Let each Conference, from among its members, elect a Council, with which the Bishop may meet, and preside over, *and let that Council fix the*

appointments, and be held responsible for them. And then let the Council be dissolved at the close of the Conference." "Ah! ah!" replies the reader, "you would curtail the Episcopal power!" "Yes!" say we; "yes, certainly; and after taking away that much of it, too much would still be left, for the well-being of the church, should any of the Bishops become (as none of them has yet been, thank God!) ambitious, designing, and wicked men."

Short-lived and strictly responsible power is always the best in every government, either of church or state.

Rev. Mr. Blackburn's name was read out at the close of this Conference, for *High St. Station.*

The people were somewhat disappointed at this announcement. They had no objection to him as a man and a preacher, but they feared he might not act a pastor's part. *He had been in the Eldership.*

But they received him cordially.

He knew that they had asked for another man.

Churches sometimes get the man they ask for; sometimes they don't get the man they ask for; sometimes they get the man they petition against.

Some preachers go wherever they desire; some go just where they do not wish to; some go wherever they can.

There is no rule in Discipline regulating appointments, in any of these regards.

Mr. Blackburn, in the absence of law—of *lay delegation*—of particular and special responsibility—and while he might, the *system* of making appointments favoring it, had determined to take care of himself.

Of course, he did not nominate himself for *High St.;* that was done by his earnest friend, Elder Dale.

And who can censure a man in the Methodist Itinerancy, for taking care of his interests, when he has an opportunity?

"Self-protection is the first law of nature."

Mr. Blackburn entered earnestly upon his work at *High St.* His sermons were of a high order; clear, striking, glowing, and eloquent exhibitions of truth. They were listened to with great attention, and warmly applauded by the preacher's friends. In his pastoral work, Mr. Blackburn exceeded the hopes of the church. Its members confessed that the Eldership had not entirely spoiled him in this regard.

He would have carried everything before him, if Mr. Herriott had not come at his second year there, on one side of him to *Uptown*, and the good Father Braddock's successor on the other, to *River Station*.

Father Braddock's successor (whom I will not name) held the good, old, staid congregation, at *River Station*, and gathered in many families from the world. This was the extent of his ambition. But it might be observed, that a few persons, who had occasionally dropped in during the previous years, were no longer present, and some *hangers-on* in the church. They had been attracted to Mr. Herriott.

Mr. Herriott prevailed above all his colleagues. His church was literally crowded—galleries, aisles, and all. Some of his congregation were, it was whispered, from Father Braddock's former, and more, from Mr. Blackburn's church. Mr. Herriott preached very fine—some said, *thrilling* sermons. He had added several to his previous list of *sensation* discourses; but the two which proved most attractive, were—

One on "The nature and power of the devil;" and

One on "The heavenly recognition."

He was chaplain to three lodges—a contributing member of five fire companies—and an earnest friend of a secret political association. He advertised largely. In one Saturday's paper this announcement appeared:—

"The eloquent Rev. H. Herriott will preach, on to-morrow evening, on this remarkable passage of Holy Writ. It is a subject not often introduced into the pulpit, and will, no doubt, attract a large audience.

"'I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.'

"The text is we believe, in Canticles, commonly known as Solomon's Song. We advise our readers to go early that they may procure seats, and not be disappointed in hearing this popular gentleman's discourse."

On the Saturday following, this additional announcement was made:—

"Those who attended, and could obtain even standing room in Rev. Mr. Herriott's church, on last Sabbath evening, were perfectly enchained by his eloquence. He handled his difficult subject to the admiration of all. We learn, that on to-morrow evening, he intends to discourse on the remaining portion of the passage which engaged him then.

"'He feedeth among the lilies.'

"It gives us pleasure to say, that the lecture room of the church will be opened, that those who may not be able to obtain admission into the audience chamber, may, nevertheless, hear the gospel. They will be addressed by the Rev. Mr. Furor, of our neighboring city.

"A great revival is in progress in this church, and Mr. Furor will preach every evening of next week."

Ah! what minister of Christ could be a rival of Mr. Herriott! He was head and shoulders taller than his brethren. The Bishop was compelled to *transfer* him, when his time was out at *Uptown*. But, kind reader, we shall hear of him again.

Mr. Blackburn pursued his regular course, and won the approval of his church on *High St.* Indeed, when the *Calvinistic Church, in Spruce street*, lost their minister, its leading members constantly worshipped in his. They

were pleased exceedingly with his discourses, and his gentlemanly conduct. They even thought he would be an honor to their church and ministry, could they induce him to change his church relations. Two of the leading men of that congregation waited on him at the *High St.* parsonage.

He received them courteously.

"Mr. Blackburn," said they, after a few commonplace remarks, "our business with you this morning, is to learn whether there can be any hope of securing your services as pastor to the *Spruce St. Church.*"

"You astonish me, gentlemen," responded Mr. Blackburn. "*You know that I am a Methodist preacher.*"

"You are Calvinistic enough for us," said they.

"Why, gentlemen, I am a decided Arminian."

"Oh! as to that, we are decided Arminians ourselves, in practice, and in faith, too, we may say. IT IS ONLY IN LOGIC THAT WE ARE CALVINISTS. We ignore, in great part, our confession of faith. And, to speak the truth, we love to hear Christ preached as the Saviour of all men."

"Then, gentlemen, why not come to us?"

"Because, your system will render us too unsettled. We have no objections to your doctrines and popular usages. Indeed, we would be pleased to see them adopted by our denomination. We are, in fact, adopting them as rapidly as possible. We think that religion should be a matter of personal experience; that the doctrine of the Spirit's witness should be clearly taught, and also that of holiness, as attainable in this life; that there should be meetings frequently held for Christian experience, counsel, exhortation, and prayer; and that a system of Lay preaching should be encouraged. And if such things, now somewhat peculiar in your economy, were all that are characteristic of it, we would withdraw ourselves at once from the Presbytery, and come to your Conference—seek ad-

mission there, and ask that you might become our pastor. But what would this avail us, when we are certain that at the end of two years you must be removed! You may say, 'But another worthy man will succeed me.' Yet of this, we have no assurance. Your Bishops, we know, invite communications from the people; but as the people cannot be represented *legally*, so our wishes may be disregarded, without injustice to us, or any reasonable ground for censure. We had rather not place ourselves in such a position."

"You do not find fault, I hope, with the economy of our church?"

"No! no! Mr. Blackburn, only it does not suit us; and we regret it, because we are compelled to remain without that fold, in which we could find a shepherd after our heart. But without, in the least, sacrificing your allegiance to our common Saviour, or your religious views, or the common usages among you, as a people, which the church we represent are ready to adopt, could you not leave that fold and 'come over to Macedonia, and help us?'"

"I am sensible of the honor you do me," said Mr. Blackburn, slightly blushing, "but I do not see that I can accept your call, or afford you the slightest hope."

"We only plead our wants," replied they; "but considerations touching your personal comfort, and that of your family, might be urged, did we not know what a spirit of self-sacrifice you possess."

"I am aware," responded Mr. Blackburn, "of your ability to place me in a more comfortable position than I can hope to enjoy in the Methodist connection: but that Church brought me to Christ—directed my youth—received me into her ministry—has hitherto had my toils and prayers—my dearest friends are in her bosom. I can never leave her; no! never!!

"'For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my toils and cares be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.'"

Noble Mr. Blackburn burst into tears. The gentlemen urged him no further.

In a short time they took leave of each other, with mutual admiration and good wishes.

But was Mr. Blackburn insensible to his own interests and those of his family?

No, kind reader, no!

But he was attached to the Church of his choice ardently. He saw what he esteemed to be errors in her government and policy, and he accounted easily for their existence. He blamed no one for them. They had developed themselves in her growth, and were hurtful sprouts, which he believed that the great Husbandman would in time prune away. He was free to oppose them, because he loved his Church above the love he bore even to his offspring: and he believed that with all her faults, *she was really the best religious organization in the whole world.*

But Mr. Blackburn was soon beset in a different manner from that, the history of which I have just recorded.

He was walking the streets one day, taking his pastoral tour, when he was accosted by a gentleman of the High Church Episcopal party, who challenged his ordination, and attacked his Church as a schismatical sect.

Mr. Blackburn assumed the defensive immediately.

"The Methodist *Church*," said he, emphasizing the word *Church* with great earnestness, "regards the pretensions of your contemptible FACTION as learned nonsense."

He had scarcely ever in his life given so abrupt a reply to any disputant, though he may often have spoken quite as severely. But his High Church friend was not in the

least disconcerted. He remarked quietly, and in an inquiring tone:—

"I believe, sir, you call your *denomination* an Episcopal Church?"

"Certainly; but we have a Presbyterian ordination."

"Why, then, do you call it Episcopal?"

"Because we think, and *know*, that in the Scriptures, 'Episcopos' and 'Presbyter,' are words which apply to one order."

"That is, I suppose, that every Episcopos is a Presbyter?"

"Yes; and that every Presbyter is an Episcopos."

"Then you hold to but two orders—that of Bishop or Presbyter, and that of Deacon—in the Church of Jesus?"

"Certainly! yes, certainly!!"

"But strictly practise upon the supposition that there are three. For, if I am acquainted with the polity of your *denomination*, you have *three distinct ordinations*, and *three distinct orders;* and habitually, and *by law*, designate these orders as they are designated in the *Church:*—first, Bishop; secondly, Elder; thirdly, Deacon. You do not, in your book of Discipline, ever call an Elder, Bishop, until after he receives the third ordination, and then you never call him Elder. You do not treat him as though his were an office merely, but as though it were an order. He retains his position FOR LIFE."

"But our standard authors have explained our sentiments and views to the world."

"I am aware of that. You have written law and fixed usage, saying one thing, and tradition, speaking another. If you would bring down your law and usage to tradition, the world and future generations would understand you better. As it is now, my High Church pretensions scarcely rival yours."

"Why, my dear sir, our church makes no High Church pretensions, whatever."

"I do not so see it. You have the *name*, the *order*, and the *life distinction*, in what you style the Episcopal OFFICE, just as strictly as we have."

"But we claim them not by Divine right and appointment."

"Then, why do you claim them at all?"

"Because, we think it best to order things after this model."

"And *so* do we High Churchmen think, and so do we hold, that the Great Head of the Church thought and appointed. Whether he did so, is the question mooted between us. We cannot settle it, of course, in a street-conversation. But whatever you may say on the matter, your practice is a powerful argument against your teachings."

The two gentlemen separated.

The churchman went into his counting-house:

The minister into his study.

How many trains of important reflection have their origin in casual conversations!

Mr. Blackburn had heard this morning a novel argument in behalf of High Church pretensions. It turned his thoughts toward the history of the Episcopacy in the Methodist E. Church. After he had reached his study, he commenced to pace the floor, and uttered the following

SOLILOQUY:

"EPISCOPACY!—*What is it?*—In the Methodist Church authors, it means the same as Presbytery; in the practice, yea, and in the discipline of that church, it means something else—the third and highest order of the ministry.

"Apostolical succession is a figment, is it? It may be so! *It is so, as I most earnestly believe.* But if my Church

believes that a church government, recognising three distinct orders in the ministry, IS THE BEST, on the ground of expediency even, how can she say that the Great Head of the Church instituted any other? Would he not institute THE BEST, and give it his sanction? Then this—the Episcopal form of government—was that adopted by the apostles, and has come down to us. TRUE APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

"I do not believe in APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION, at all, nor in any third order in the ministry.

"In the primitive church, soon, it may be, after the death of the apostles—*I will not deny that it was before their death*—there were presidents over the Presbyteries, '*primes inter pares*,' who may have held their position FOR LIFE. It was this fact that developed Antichrist. These presidents, in process of time, appropriated to themselves the title of *Bishop*—then claimed a superiority over their brethren, because of their office and title—afterwards claimed this superiority on the ground of Divine right—then contended among themselves who should be greatest—and finally, enthroned one as Supreme Pontiff.

"I do not wonder that Mr. Wesley was so greatly displeased with Mr. Asbury for permitting himself to be called Bishop. It would, I imagine, have pleased him infinitely better, had the most humble Elder in the connection appropriated it to himself, in common with his brethren.

"His ordination of Dr. Coke, he regarded as a mere setting apart—*not to Episcopal Episcopacy* (HE ABHORRED SUCH AN IDEA; HE COULD NOT HAVE DONE SUCH A THING AFTER HIS MIND HAD BEEN ENLIGHTENED ON PRIMITIVE CHURCH GOVERNMENT), *but to the Superintendency*. It was NOT, in his view, a REAL ORDINATION.

"Whether he designed that Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury should hold this office FOR LIFE, is an open question.

"It is sad to contemplate the history of our Episcopacy.

"Had we not erred in the misappropriation of the title Bishop, and in making the incumbents of the 'general superintendency,' officers FOR LIFE, several schisms from our Church would have been prevented: and especially the great rupture of 1844. For, of that rupture it may be emphatically said, that slavery was the cause, and A BISHOP THE OCCASION. Bishop Andrews, as a *Bishop* FOR LIFE, split the Church: 'Superintendent' Andrews, as a Superintendent for a term of years, could have accomplished no such thing.

"Is it wise in the Church, after so terrible a disaster has resulted from this LIFE OFFICE—this SPURIOUS ORDER—and while it is the depository of such accumulated and still accumulating power as is now vested in it, to continue its incumbency as a LIFETIME incumbency?"

Mr. Blackburn's soliloquy was broken in upon by the bell loudly ringing for dinner.

He obeyed the summons, as he was wont; but only ate a scanty meal. His appetite was not good.

In the afternoon he went to work on his sermons, and was compelled to work the harder because of his entire loss of the morning.

On the following Sabbath, he preached as usual.

How his rejection of the overture from the Spruce St. Church—his conversation with his High Church friend—and especially his soliloquy in his study, were made public, I must, kind reader, leave thee to imagine.

CHAPTER IX.

How Father Braddock and his family fared after Mr. Blackburn left the Eldership.

KIND reader! Thou hast, since the first introduction to my Father Braddock, seen how nobly he demeaned himself in several conditions of life, and witnessed how his family fared with him, up to his second year at *River Station*. If thou wouldst learn more of him and his, let thine eyes trace the lines of his future history.

Be it my task to cause thee, first, to admire and love the man, and then to pity and commiserate his woe!

Mr. Blackburn had been one year out of the Eldership.

Another Conference had assembled.

A hundred and more earnest greetings and hearty salutations had been given, and a thousand inquiries and responses made:

Then the business, open and secret, of the venerable body, was attended to, and completed.

The appointments were read. Among them was this:—

"*Break-Neck Hill*, J. Braddock."

Father Braddock went home to his family. The lights, save that of the bedroom, had been long extinguished. He opened the door with his dead-latch key, and knowing well the way, soon was in the silent chamber where Lotte and their daughter, Sallie, were sleeping soundly.

Sallie stirred not on her trundle bed.

Lotte slept on, utterly unconscious of her husband's presence. It was strange that she should sleep so. But Father Braddock was so hopeful, when he left her for the Conference-room, that he would go to *Uptown*, and thus

succeed Mr. Herriott, who had once succeeded him, that Lotte had dismissed her long-sustained anxiety, and surrendered herself entirely to slumber.

Father Braddock was not hopeful NOW.

His heart was heavy with unusual woe.

He quietly kneeled down at the bed-side, whereon his sleeping partner lay, and breathed forth an earnest prayer to Almighty God, his merciful Father. No murmurs were whispered forth in his orisons. His heavy heart he laid upon the Almighty hand, and begged that it might be sustained; and earnestly interceded, that the partner of his sorrows and toils might have inward strength afforded her for the great trial of which she was now so unconscious.

And he turned off the gas, when his prayer was offered, and laid himself down—not that he might sleep—but that Lotte's slumber might not be broken.

On the following morning the light broke, chased away the darkness of the night, and looked in joyously through the chamber windows.

Sallie left her trundle bed, and made her way to the sitting-room.

Lotte awoke from her pleasant slumbers and her pleasant dreams, *to the sad realities of life.*

"And where do we go, husband?" she asked tenderly.

The husband hesitated.

"Tell me where; to *Uptown*, I hope?"

"No, Lotte, not to *Uptown*," he responded; "THE LORD has otherwise disposed our lot. It has not pleased HIM, that thy wish and mine should be thus gratified. We are to go to BREAK-NECK HILL!"

Lotte was stunned—she was silent. She afterwards kneeled, with her husband and daughter, at the family altar, and prayed for firmness, that she might glorify God in that furnace of affliction, into which she believed she,

and those dear to her, had been cast, not through Providential *direction*, but Providential *permission*.

At the breakfast table, little Sallie raised her eyes innocently toward her father, and seeing how the lines of sadness were drawn over his countenance, said in a most touching tone :—

"Pa! trust in the Lord! He will make thee to prosper at *Uptown*, as he has done at other places."

This was the echo only of what she had often heard her father say; but it pierced his heart with unutterable sorrow.

The good man groaned.

"Sallie," said he, "pa is not to preach at *Uptown*, but at *Break-Neck Hill*."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "pa, what kind of a place is that? I don't like the name. It was a *wicked* thing in the *Conference* to send thee THERE."

This unsealed the mother's lips.

"And where," she asked, "have they sent Mr. Herriott?"

"He has been transferred," replied Father Braddock.

"And who has been appointed to *Uptown?*"

"They have transferred Mr. Furor there; he who assisted Mr. Herriot in his revival meetings last year."

"Why, I thought the people wanted thee there; at least, so thou didst inform me."

"But the special committee applied for Mr. Furor—and I was compelled to give place to him."

"The special committee! The special committee of what? How do they make special committees?" inquired Sallie.

"I should like to hear those questions answered!" added the mother. "If the people wanted thee, the special committee could not have been appointed by them?"

"No!" replied Father Braddock.

"Then they were appointed by the Quarterly Conference?" said his wife, inquiringly.

"No!" responded he—"that is not Quarterly Conference business."

"Well, by the Stewards, then?"

"No! The discipline of the church does not make this any part of their duty."

"The Trustees, then, I suppose?

"I guess not! The Church has no provision requiring this from them, nor the deeds of settlement, by which they hold church property. I confess, I don't know how such committees are formed. They are not, so far as I know, Methodistical."

"THEY ARE SELF-CONSTITUTED AND IRRESPONSIBLE," said Lotte, perceiving the truth. "And thou art afflicted, that they may be gratified."

"I suppose so," said Father Braddock.

"*And this is the Lord's doings!*" said Lotte, ironically.

Father Braddock was silent. His faith, *at that moment*, could not perceive the hand of the Lord.

I said that Lotte had perceived the truth. "Committees," of which so much is said, and who do so much to control in making the appointments—who sometimes thrust aside the counsels of the Bishop's *own selected counsellors*—who cause transfers to be made, and turn away the earnest laborers of the Church, from those places which demand their toils, and can afford them assistance and consolation when they both deserve and require them (as my Father Braddock did)—are bodies unknown to our Discipline; and, however organized or appointed, are as utterly irresponsible for their doings as the maniac, who in his frenzy strikes with a mortal blow the helpless infant.

They have great powers conceded to them.

They have no responsibility imposed upon them.

We need a lay delegation in the Methodist Church, to check the power of the people, and to render them responsible for its exercise.

We need it to protect the preachers.

It is a right that belongs to the people, that they should be *legally* represented: and it is a protection needed by the preachers, that committees or (if it please thee more, kind reader) delegates, *legally* appointed by the people, should represent their wants and wishes to the Bishop, the Council, and the Conference.

I am not aware of any valid argument that can be brought against a regular system of lay representation; and am utterly astonished that the ministers of the M. E. Church, who feel so much of the powers of the people, do not adopt this means to render it responsible.

The objector says: "If delegates were elected and admitted to Conference, *they would not attend.*" I say in reply that *they attend very largely without any election*, as my Father Braddock had good reason to know.

It was sometime during this day, that Lotte again asked Father Braddock where Mr. Herriott had been sent.

"He has been transferred," replied Father Braddock.

"They always transfer the *best preachers*, do they not?" inquired Lotte.

"I do not know about that," responded her husband; "but they always transfer to the *best places*, I believe."

"Hast thou learned how much Mr. Herriott is to receive?" continued Lotte.

"I believe about $1500."

"And how much will they give thee at Break-Neck Hill?"

"That will depend upon the Stewards' report, and their success in collecting money. It may be about $400."

"One man, then, with piety, learning, age, and experience, such as thou hast, must be compelled, by arbitrary

power which thou darest not to resist, and an irresponsible power which thou canst not control, to suffer, and have his family suffer, for want of bread; and another, who certainly has neither age nor experience, though a vast number of expedients by which to raise on his behalf a popular clamor, can through the same means enjoy a fulness."

This was said by Lotte with some severity. She was now feeling the pressure of a system, which her womanly understanding had already perceived would eventually crush her husband and his family.

But what was to be done?

Father Braddock's life had been spent in the ministry—he was fitted for nothing else—he was admirably fitted for *it*—he took pleasure in his toil—he felt that God had designed him for this work—his vows and conscience bound him to it—and now, his gray hairs and wisdom had become his glory.

They therefore packed up their furniture and books, and removed to *Break-Neck Hill.*

The following Sabbath he preached in the old-fashioned church of that hard-named village.

The people were kind—but rather sorry that their preacher was so old a man. One consideration, however, reconciled them to their appointment—his family was small; *it would not require much to support them*—there was only one daughter. Old Squire DuRoss thought that $350 would be ample to support a family of three persons. And such was the Steward's report at the Quarterly Conference. Father Braddock said not one word when it was made.

But he came home from the meeting:

He went into his study to distribute this money in the best manner, for the expenses of the year.

He sat down and made his calculations. The following is a copy of the paper upon which they were made :—

"Moving expenses to Break-Neck Hill,	$40 00
"Money laid out in replenishing furniture for parsonage. (They complained bitterly in Quarterly Conference, that my predecessor had ruined the furniture, and my feelings will not permit me to ask them to buy any for me, while I have the means to purchase for myself,)	80 00
"Samuel's bills at college, for the present session,	120 00
"Fitting Sallie for school. Her education has been neglected, and she *must* now go,	10 00
"My horse; for I must either keep one, or walk to the afternoon's appointment—and to walk ten miles a day, and preach three times, is too much for an old man like myself,	120 00
"Feed for him for one year,	100 00
"Flour, meat, vegetables, fuel, hats, bonnets, shoes, dresses, clothes, and charity,	250 00
"I might comfortably *get along* on this sum,	$720 00

"The Stewards have not appropriated half enough to meet my wants. Can I trust the Lord for the balance? I might, if the days of miracles were not past. But they are past! Lotte's patrimony was all expended before I went to *Enterprise Station*. The money I received there and at the *River Station*, has been nearly all used up in paying the funeral expenses of dear little George, sending Samuel to college, and providing for the wants of my family. Forty dollars I have paid for moving; and the unsettled bills for furniture, which the Quarterly Con-

ference refused to accept, will take every cent that I have. Then I will still require six hundred dollars more.

"It is very evident that I cannot keep a horse:

"And also, that Samuel must come home from college:

"And besides, I shall lose all the money I have saved."

The good man's heart was filled with inexpressible grief.

He fell down upon his knees, buried his face in his hands, burst into a flood of tears, and prayed, until the feelings of his rebellious nature were entirely subdued.

He arose, saying, "Good is the will of the Lord."

"Abel," continued he, "was martyred; Joseph was sold and imprisoned; Daniel was thrown into the lion's den; the three Hebrews were cast into the furnace; Isaiah was sawn asunder; Stephen was stoned; James and Paul were beheaded; Peter was bound, and carried whither he would not, and like his Divine Master, died upon the cross.

"Yet God was glorified in all their sufferings.

"And what if mine be a SLOW MARTYRDOM?

"God will not forsake his cause, nor fail to sustain his servant."

He was singing, in a voice of unusual melody and sweetness, this stanza:—

> "Must I be carried to the skies,
> On flowery beds of ease;
> Whilst others fought to win the prize,
> And sailed through bloody seas?"

Just as he had finished, a gentle tap at the door made him conscious of Lotte's approach. She entered, and kindly—with the affection of a true wife, reader—put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Husband," said she, "your hymn breathes a martyr's spirit."

"I have the victory," said Father Braddock; "I am more than conqueror."

"This is the victory that overcometh the world," quoted Lotte; "even OUR faith."

"Yes!" said he, "I do not see how it is, but I am wonderfully strengthened, now; and I know our heavenly Father will bring good out of our present trial."

"But I am so stung," replied Lotte, "with a sense of the injustice done to thee."

"Yet," responded her husband, "if it be the will of God, it is better for us to suffer for well-doing, than for evil-doing."

"Then," said Lotte, "the will of the Lord be done."

"But," said Father Braddock, "look, Lotte, over this paper."

Her eyes glanced over it.

"Thank God!" exclaimed she, "we have the ENTERPRISE SILVER TEA SET. We can dispose of that. It will help us. Samuel must not come home from college. He must have a good seed-time, that the Church of Jesus—thy church and mine, husband—may reap, through him, an abundant harvest."

"But," replied the father, "Lotte! you know what I promised the good people at *Enterprise. I can never sell that silver; no!* NEVER!!"

"Do! husband; do! You know when you made that promise, we did not expect to be brought to this strait; and who knows whether the Lord did not provide it for us against such a time as this?"

"Oh, Lotte! I never expected so great a sacrifice as this from thee. Thou hast lost enough. Thy patrimony is gone! George is gone! Thy patience and my toils have availed us nothing! Poverty is staring upon my gray hairs and wrinkled brow! And art thou willing to give up thy remembrancer of brighter days—the pledge

of the affection of a grateful people—for the sake of thy son?"

"Yes, everything for my children's sake. With *thee* am I willing to *suffer;* but in *them* do I *hope.*"

And Lotte burst into tears.

And thus did Father Braddock.

They were true partners in sorrow and affection.

"Oh, brother!" exclaimed the sweet voice of Sallie; "have you come home? I am so delighted to see you!" Her voice which spake thus at the front door was heard by the parents in the study.

They understood it.

With joy-beaming countenances baptized in tears, they hastened down the stairs, and embraced their son.

Samuel had come from college. He had seen the Minutes. He knew that to remain at college would be to burden his father. His manly spirit could not endure this; and he came to their fireside in time to enable the mother to preserve her silver, and the father to keep his word.

The interview in the study was never revealed.

"I will assist thee, father," said the noble-hearted boy, "*and make my way.*"

And he kept his word.

He obtained the school at Break-Neck Hill, and taught it—pursued his studies at home—instructed his sister—placed his earnings in his father's hands—and never returned to college more.

The father preached! He had obtained the victory of faith. Old Squire Du Ross softened down under Father Braddock's preaching, and sent to the parsonage many a bag of potatoes, and two or three barrels of flour.

The people were much blessed under the labors of their faithful pastor; and his influence and that of his family

changed the moral aspects of the place, and even indirectly rendered the bloom of its gardens more beautiful, and their fragrance sweeter. The steep road up the hill was gently graded, ere his two years had expired; and the village was set down in the council-chamber, when the next appointment was made for the place, as "Bellevue." Indeed, there is a piece of poetry extant, in which this village is called "Sweet Bellevue."

Yet Lotte always regretted their appointment to this place, for Samuel's sake.

CHAPTER X.

Containing some further account of how Father Braddock and his family fared, after Mr. Blackburn left the Eldership.

THERE was a young lady residing at Break-Neck Hill, in Squire Du Ross's family, who came there to be a private tutor to the Squire's daughters, and who—the old gentleman favoring the project—gave Sallie lessons on the piano, and taught her French.

She was first introduced into the family at the beginning of Father Braddock's second year in the village.

Sallie, under her care, acquired a knowledge of music and French rapidly. Sallie's brother taught her drawing, philosophy, and other accomplishments.

The name of the young lady was Maria Langdon.

She had lost her father in her tenth, and her mother in her fifteenth, year.

She was a poetess.

I cannot say much of her poetry. She produced it, as I learned from her own lips, for her special gratification, not to give pleasure to others; and I have heard her quote this line from Goldsmith, in defence of her habit of writing for the Muses:—

"My shame in crowds, my solitary pride."

I will not inform the reader how the following piece fell into my hands; but will submit it to his criticism:—

"Ah, *Bellevue* sweet! thy rural charms
Afford delight to me;

Who from the crowded city came,
Ere thou hadst gained so good a name,
Or learned through chastened Braddock's harms,
What joy was meant for thee.

"I love thy site upon the hill,
The music of thy grove;
The rugged rocks, that skirt its base,
The waters calm in Nature's vase,
Or murmuring sweetly in the rill,
As those who speak of love.

"Ah, *Bellevue* sweet! Beneath thy domes
What earnest joy doth rest!
The quiet of a country life,
Far from the din of city strife,
Sheds fragrance round thy happy homes,
And joy through every breast.

"Here would I pass my youth and age,
With kind friends, proved and true;
Would here through life pursue my way,
By Braddock taught to live and pray;
Be kept from lust and Satan's rage,
And die in sweet *Bellevue!*"

Miss Langdon thought that it was but a feeble return she was making to Father Braddock, in teaching Sallie, after she had reaped so much spiritual benefit from his instructions. And, I suppose, this poetry was the spontaneous gushings from a full heart. Its fault, the reader will observe, to be that which attaches to most modern poetry. Its rhyme is too labored, and its stanzas too long, and too artfully compounded.

But Father Braddock was compelled to leave "*Sweet Bellevue.*" He had come with great reluctance—and he left with deep regret. "It is much better," said he, "to come to a place sorrowfully, and leave it so, than to come gladly, and leave in earnest, joyous haste."

"And where do we go *now?*" inquired Lotte, upon Father Braddock's return from Conference—"now, that thou hast, by thy gentle influences, rendered this place so delightful, and won thy way to Squire Du Ross's heart, I know thou and thy family must leave it."

"Yes," replied Father Braddock, "we are sent to *Scramble-Town.*"

"To *Scramble-Town!*" exclaimed Lotte. Where is *Scramble-Town*, husband?"

"It is, I believe," replied he, "about thirty miles distant, on the mountain side."

"Well!" said Lotte; "a *new* place, and a *worse* one, of course, I suppose. I could spend my days in *Bellevue*, now—because we have made our home pleasant. Samuel cannot leave his school and go with us—but Sallie must leave him, and kind Miss Langdon, and thou and I be separated from Squire Du Ross, who has been so earnest a friend of ours."

Why, reader! why did Lotte mention Samuel and Miss Langdon's name together? If this were a love tale, I might inform thee; but as it is a history of Father Braddock's sufferings and wrongs, I must leave thee to imagine.

Squire Du Ross entered, unobserved, just as Lotte was finishing her last sentence. It was a circumstance which I may note as extremely fortunate. He had heard of Father Braddock's return, and was exceedingly anxious to learn what the Conference had done with him."

"Where have they sent thee?" he asked of Father Braddock.

"To *Scramble-Town*," responded the good old man.

"And is that the best thing they could do for thee? Is that the manner in which they repay thy long service, and treat thy gray hairs?"

"We are in the HANDS OF THE LORD," said Father

Braddock; "and I have learned *obedience* by the things I have suffered."

"So are we all," rejoined Squire Du Ross; "and yet it is natural to inquire into the causes and agencies that affect our position and happiness in this life. Were not the agents, by whom thou hast been sent to *Scramble-Town*, men, like thyself?"

"They were good men," answered Father Braddock—"the Bishop, the Presiding Elders, and the Committees."

"Well," said the Squire, "the committees live *at home*, and should stay there until the Church adopts a system of Lay-delegation—which she ought to do at once. The Presiding Elders take care of themselves and the work—as I believe, it is somewhat customary with them now, *to live* where they may choose, and to visit their districts *occasionally*; the only drawback to their happiness being, that their office IS NOT FOR LIFE. Yet I think that a preacher, who *lives on a District, and has a charge there*, would make a better counsellor for the Bishop, than *such a* STRANGER. And the Bishops have no anxiety, either for *the place of their residence*, or *their support*, or what they shall do when THEIR TERM OF OFFICE EXPIRES. Such officers of the Church may very well afford to send thee to *Scramble-Town.*"

"Yes," interposed Lotte, "and advise the preachers to be submissive and resigned, and to *trust in the Lord.*"

Squire Du Ross had spoken as a man of the world.

Lotte had spoken as a woman who had seen affliction.

It was now Father Braddock's turn to speak as a Christian minister of the Methodist Church—as a true soldier of the cross—such as he was.

"I will not question the position and acts of my superior officers. I will fight the battles of my Lord. I have no doubt I will find enough to do in *Scramble-Town*. The *state of the work* demands my presence there."

But the Church is not only an army marshalled by the Lord of Hosts; it should be likewise *directed* by the Captain of Salvation.

It is a household of faith, but Jesus is the *Great Master* of the family.

It is a kingdom—*Christ alone* is King for evermore.

And Jesus, our Captain, Head, and King, hath said:—

"Let him that would be chief among you, be the servant of all."

"And call no man Rabbi—for one is your Master, even God—and all ye are brethren."

How far then is it right to have men constituted Lords over God's heritage? The *Elders*, indeed, should rule—not one over the others, but over the Church, "*as examples to the flock.*"

But this would break down the Methodist hierarchy!!! AND IT, IN THIS COUNTRY, IN REPUBLICAN AMERICA——ABOVE EVERY OTHER POWER, I HAD LIKED TO HAVE SAID, OUGHT TO BE BROKEN DOWN!

Squire Du Ross, the next day, had his team and carriage brought to the parsonage, and Father Braddock's goods, and effects, and family were taken by them to *Scramble-Town*.

Samuel remained at *Bellevue*, and taught school.

He made his home in Squire Du Ross's family.

Miss Langdon and he were often together. They would walk on the hill-side, among the rocks, through the grove, and along the water; sometimes they would watch the fish which swam in the little lake, which Miss Langdon had styled, somewhat unpoetically, perhaps, "Nature's vase;" sometimes they would gather wild flowers; sometimes they would sing together.

Samuel possessed a manly form and graceful manners. His countenance was mild, placid, firm, and intelligent, though somewhat sad—caused, it is supposed, by his

youthful disappointment, and the conviction that his mother's melancholy had been increased by it. He was also endowed with a ready and captivating eloquence.

He sometimes preached in *Sweet Bellevue*.

Sallie went with her parents. She assisted and watched tenderly over her mother, and, without any other assistance than she could obtain from her father, and from books, pursued her studies earnestly. Her music she was compelled to lay aside, except, that while on a visit to the Squire's, during their first year, she practised a little on the piano.

She was a beautiful girl.

And so faithful to her mother, that for the last eighteen months of their stay at *Scramble-Town*, she never, for a single day, left home.

Poor Lotte went to *Scramble-Town* sad and disheartened! Kind reader, if thou art a woman, thy gentle heart need not be addressed by any artificial rhetoric to be made to feel the burden of her woe. Of all thy sisters, she who takes the hand of the travelling preacher, who, as Father Braddock was, is driven from place to place, demands thy pity most! Then listen to the unvarnished tale of half the sorrows of this noble mother.

Lotte had been delicately reared:

She had made, in her girlhood days, many devoted friends:

She had lost her mother whilst yet quite a child; and nursed her father until she had almost reached middle life; then she, with her own soft hands, had closed his eyes.

She was afterwards married to Father Braddock. Then, soon she left her friends, and home, and the graves of her parents, with her husband, to return to them no more. She shared in all his disappointments, and sympathized

with him in all his sorrows, and partook of all his toils. And while he labored, she saw her patrimony waste away, but never shed a tear.

She shared the poverty and mortifications of her husband long, and never murmured.

She saw men of inferior powers and cultivation preferred before him, and *felt* deeply. *What true woman would not?*

She hoped for brighter days when Mr. Blackburn became his Elder—for she knew that Mr. Blackburn was his friend.

Then George died, and the *hope* she had in him was crushed for ever. She mourned his loss, but humbly bowed to her Heavenly Father's will.

Her husband was slighted, contemned, pressed down, turned off from his just deserts, *and crowded out to Break-Neck Hill.* Nothing, save the power of God, sustained her then; and this was given in answer to earnest prayer.

Samuel came home from college—and another *hope* was crushed; but this, at length, seemed to be overruled for good.

An unpromising residence became a happy home.

Finally, Father Braddock was degraded in being sent off to *Scramble-Town!*

This accumulated all her past woes upon her heart at once. There was too much unrequited toil, too many changes, and disappointments, and griefs, and ruptures of cherished ties, for one poor heart to bear, along with the infirmities of advancing life!

"She should not have brooded over her sorrows, and given them life to sting her soul, as so many scorpions." Couldst thou have helped it, reader? When hopes have been often crushed, the mind will learn to recall past

scenes of sorrow; and despair *will* cast down its roots deep in memory. One cannot help it.

And away off there in *Scramble-Town*, what had Lotte to hope for from the outside world?

Had she done anything to render her residence there pleasant? What then?

There was old *Break-Heart Circuit*, to which they might be sent. Alas! her husband never got to *Break-Heart Circuit*. At the next Conference, there was found no place for him.

The highly delicate and sensitive constitution of Lotte at length gave way. When the door would open, or a child cry, or a bird sing, or a friend call, Lotte would tremble like an aspen.

She would sometimes look upon her husband with a vacant stare; at others, she would burst into sobs and tears; then again she would be composed.

Samuel came over to *Scramble-Town* to visit his parents and sister. He was greatly concerned for his mother. He feared she was about to lose her mind. He intimated his fears to the father.

"I hope not," said the good old man. "But thy mother's nerves are completely shattered."

He burst into tears, and looking upward, said, in a tremulous tone, but with great firmness:—

"O, Lord! forsake *me* not when my strength faileth!"

"My heart and my flesh faileth, but thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Reader! I will drop this curtain. I have shown thee as much of Lotte's woe as I dare to look upon.

And my Father Braddock prayed for her, and comforted her, and came always into her presence with smiles—then he would go into his study to groan and weep, and wrestle with God—and in the church and his pastoral tours, he

preached and talked of heaven, and how we might get there, and frequently sang,

"Away with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home;
The City of Saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
Our sorrows are all at an end,
When raised by the Heavenly word;
We see the new City descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord."

CHAPTER XI.

Some further account of the Rev. Mr. Herriott; showing what he did after being transferred.

I HAVE told thee, reader, that the Bishop was compelled to transfer the Rev. Mr. Herriott, at the Conference which was convened at the close of his last year at *Uptown*.

How this was rendered necessary, I did not inform thee, and will not now, only to state that, in the judgment of the Bishop, *the condition of the work rendered it necessary*. To speak the truth, some very *wealthy* men, in "our neighboring city, had built a church, and wished for a *decidedly popular* man to fill it with people; who might assist in liquidating the debt." And where could one more popular than the *Uptown* preacher be found?

Mr. Herriott therefore bade farewell to his brethren.

He was welcomed by the Trustees of *St. Bartholomew's*.

He did as he had always done.

It was soon noised through the city that popular Mr. Herriott was attracting large audiences.

The trustees at *St. Bartholomew's* were rejoicing over their success.

A hundred preachers might have envied Mr. Herriott; and I do not know what a history of his great achievements it would have been my office to record, had not the *Spruce Street Calvinistic Church* fixed her eye upon him after the committee had failed in their interview with Mr. Blackburn.

But it was not judged expedient to open any communications with him while he was at *Uptown*.

This matter was postponed until some time after he had gone to *St. Bartholomew's.*

He was sitting in his study one day, reading "Macbeth," when the maid opened the door, and told him that a gentleman was waiting in the parlor to see him.

He instantly obeyed the summons.

The gentleman introduced himself as a member of the *Spruce St. Church*, who had frequently heard him at *Uptown.*

"I am happy to see you," said Mr. Herriott.

"But you may not be so much pleased, when I come to inform you of the design of my visit."

"I would be pleased to hear your communication, though I may not be *pleased with it.* Be so kind as to proceed."

The gentleman began. "Mr. Herriott," said he, "you are perhaps aware that the *Spruce St. Church* has been without a pastor for a long time. Such a thing, however, is not unusual with our denomination. We have not so happy an arrangement of supplying vacancies in our churches, as prevails with you. I have often wished that we had. Your custom of *annually fixing* the appointments, I think, is an admirable one, though the *frequent changes* connected with it, appear to me to be quite unnecessary, and must, in the nature of things, work disastrously. But it is neither my object nor wish to discant on Church government. I have only to say, now, that the *Spruce St. Church* has become wearied in making calls; and not being able to supply herself, according to the wish of her members, from our own denomination, they have delegated me to wait upon you. It is the judgment of the brethren there that you are the very man to build us up."

Mr. Herriott was evidently pleased. His eyes sparkled

with delight. The gentleman pursued the advantage he had gained.

"You must not think it strange that I have waited on you. We will permit you to preach your own doctrines, and in your own way—will protect you from those frequent changes, to which, in your Church, you are so subject—and can, no doubt, pay you a larger salary. Besides which, you can serve the cause of our *common Saviour* as well with us as in your present relation, and it may be, *better*."

"I am not so sensible of that," said Mr. Herriott. "The church which I serve in this city, is very important—and the brethren here cannot well spare me. Indeed, I was transferred from *Uptown* for their sake, and at their request."

"But," replied the gentleman, "we would not require you to sever the tie which exists between you and *St. Bartholomew's*, at once. We could wait until near the session of the next Conference; at which time you might resign, and come over to us."

"Such a change," remarked Mr. Herriott, "involves many considerations—upon which it will require some time to form a conclusion."

"Certainly," said the gentleman. "We do not wish you to act hastily."

"Then," said Mr. Herriott, "as you have assured me that I shall not be trammelled in the pulpit, I may infer the *Spruce St.* congregation will be liberal in other regards?"

"We will give you $3000."

"Quite a consideration. It is just twice the sum that I receive here."

I will not describe this interview further, lest I should become tedious. Mr. Herriott had many compliments to pay to the church of the gentleman, and many expressions

which showed the fulness of Christian liberality and charity that possessed his own heart!

Neither did he fail to speak of the hardships of the Itinerant's life:

Nor of the small salaries which the Methodist Church gives her ministers:

Nor of the important services he had rendered her.

The gentleman did not, on his part, fail to speak of the manliness, heroism, self-sacrifice, and extensive usefulness of the clergy of the M. E. Church. As a *pioneer* Church, in his estimation, she stood unrivalled; and he saw nothing to prevent her maintaining the ascendency she had obtained over the American mind, save her arbitrary government and her unwise changing of her ministers. "The Itinerancy," he remarked, "could be easily sustained without sacrificing permanency."

After the interview was ended, the gentleman left the parsonage of *St. Bartholomew's.*

Mr. Herriott returned to his study.

He gave the proposition of his friend an earnest and patient consideration.

He owed much to the Methodist Church, but he thought he had amply repaid her. He had become weary of taking "broken-down congregations" and "new enterprises" under his charge, and just as he succeeded in getting them in a flourishing condition, being compelled to leave them to some one else, in whose hands they were "*sure to go down.*" There was some difference between $1500 and $3000. It would be pleasant to be settled, both for himself and family. In doctrine and usages he could be as Methodistical as Wesley himself, and not regard that dead letter Confession of Faith. He would wait until near Conference; then he would resign, and accept the call from *Spruce Street Church.*

All of which he did in due time.

He was received in the Presbytery, which met soon after.

His brethren in the Presbytery secretly wished he had remained in his *own* church. They were themselves consistent Calvinists, and had no desire to have their churches put in possession of "a Calvinistic creed, and an Arminian ministry."

The former brethren of Mr. Herriott thought upon his course, and conversed over it, but not with entire unanimity of sentiment.

SOME said, that "Mr. Herriott's health was not entirely good, and that he was not fitted for itinerant hardships."—"He might introduce a wholesome leaven into Presbyterianism."—"They regretted his loss; but his change was not a loss to the cause of piety; as he still continued to preach Jesus."—"They were glad that Denominational lines were becoming obliterated." SOME were "glad that he has left us"—"was a mere adventurer"—"never would have done the Church much good"—"his course was wrong while with us"—"he had been introducing into the Church a morbid taste for rant and raptures and crowds." OTHERS said but little: "He has gone, and let him go," said they. "*Even the eagle loves to feather her nest.*"

Many members of the Presbyterian Church thought it was a great thing to have a Methodist clergyman change to be a Presbyterian: and many Methodists, that it was a great compliment to have one of their ministers called to a Presbyterian congregation—especially that in *Spruce Street.* They consequently invited him to deliver lectures and make addresses on all great occasions. For five years after he left the Methodists, he was vastly the most popular man among them in the entire city. It was not indeed until it was known that the *Spruce Street Church merely*

tolerated him, that his popularity began to decline among the Methodists.

But the same tide that *flows*, *ebbs* again.

Popular favor declines from one, whenever another gains the popular attention. Reputation is like the waters of the ocean: it is always moving, and is wonderfully attracted by the *planets*.

Character is like a fixed star; it shines for ever, and with a light that is perpetual.

Mr. Herriott is at *Spruce Street Church* still; but his audiences are small. Some *hard-mouthed* people say that, "HIS POPULARITY BORE THE NOBLE VESSEL ON TO SOME HIGH STRAND, AND LEFT IT THERE."

And now, inasmuch as the Rev. Mr. Herriott has withdrawn himself from the Methodist E. Church, and been so long beyond her pale, I will, kind reader, dismiss him from any further consideration in this story of my Father Braddock's sufferings and wrongs. In my next chapter, I will tell thee something more about Mr. Blackburn.

CHAPTER XII.

Wherein is contained some account of Mr. Blackburn's connection with the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Blackburn was frequently sent to General Conference:

Father Braddock never got there.

How Mr. Blackburn came, in this regard, to be preferred before Father Braddock, who was his senior, I could never fully understand.

The reader knows that they were both good men.

He also knows that Mr. Blackburn was once Presiding Elder. This will, perhaps, in part, account for his first elevation to that position, which occurred at the close of the first year in which he held this important office. I believe it is held as an axiom among Methodist preachers, that they ought not to vote *against* a Presiding Elder's becoming a delegate to the most venerable body in the Church, if he be otherwise well qualified for the position. And Mr. Blackburn was admirably qualified—*at least at this time.* And this for the following reasons:—

1. He was extremely kind to his brethren.

2. He had an almost intuitive perception of character.

3. He was supposed to have great influence with the Episcopacy. His name having frequently appeared on important Committees, and his elevation to the Eldership, seemed fully to indicate this; indeed, there was but little doubt.

4. He was a *prudent* man; very conservative in his views, and still more prudent in his expression of them. The reader may be disposed to doubt this, after having

been, in the former chapters of this history, informed how he had conversed with Father Braddock upon the apparent tendencies of things in the Church, and how they might be corrected. But I beg him to remember that *he never said anything upon the subject to any person excepting to Father Braddock and* HIMSELF. Could any expression at all be more prudent than that? And as to conservatism, it is a true remark, that it does not consist in blindness, but in looking at all points of a subject. Mr. Blackburn had views. He was a conservative—not a madman, nor a fanatical leader.

And such men obtain positions easily, when the general mind is forming itself on any question; when it has been already formed, the *out-spoken* have the greatest chances for success.

It was always a pleasure to Mr. Blackburn to attend General Conference. It was there he could see all the Bishops of the Church assembled; a small, but venerable body of men, whose reputation for piety and godly wisdom was world-wide. He admired them greatly. But, he nevertheless *felt* that in their *life-office* there was an error, which the Church of Jesus, and the world, might, at some future time, have occasion to regret.

He could also see there—and he frequently met with them—hundreds of men, any of whom, almost, would have made as good a Superintendent of the Church, in which they were all *real Bishops*, as were those godly men who presided over their deliberations. Their meeting together was always the occasion of many a joyous greeting.

These Conferences usually held from a month to six weeks.

A General Conference, whenever held, is the highest judicial, and the only strictly legislative body in the Methodist E. Church. It is always assembled on the 1st of

May, once in four years. The first meeting of this body, which governs all the others with respect to time, was held in 1812. The body is composed exclusively of ministers—no layman, at present, being permitted either to take part in its discussions or to cast a vote. Its members are elected by vote from the Annual Conferences—no layman being permitted to exercise any judgment in choosing them. It is strictly, therefore, an ecclesiastical body, composed of ecclesiastics; a body in the Church, making rules and regulations for the government of the temporal and spiritual interests of the Church—yet a body of men *in orders.*

It has been urged that it ought to be composed strictly thus; because the great Head of the Church has appointed his ministers to rule the Church. The argument is, that the Elders *must bear rule*, consequently, the *people should not be represented.*

I have no doubt that the blessed Jesus has committed into the hands of the Elders the administration of that wholesome discipline which *he has appointed.* They are to baptize, to administer the Lord's Supper; and thus to receive and continue members in His Church. *But I could never see that it has pleased him to invest them with any power to declare any terms or condition of membership, other than those which he has appointed.* And to attempt any such thing, is, in my humble judgment, an unwarrantable exercise of power. They have as much right, doubtless, *to teach new doctrines, as to declare new terms of membership.* And this is just what is claimed by the Church of Rome.

If the Methodist Church does not claim so much, why may not the people of that Church be represented?

Cannot laymen entertain correct views on what arrangements are necessary to render our Missions, our Sunday Schools, the distribution among the people of the Scrip-

tures, and religious tracts and books, and the spread of the Gospel, through preaching, effectual, and is their advice and co-operation in the highest council of the Church to be slighted, contemned, and persistently rejected?

Cannot they give counsel on how to draw up deeds of settlement for churches—or charters; or on the best mode of dividing territory among the churches or Conferences; or on raising money for the support of the preachers, and building churches and parsonages?

Are the legal learning and practical business sense of the Methodist people of such little account, that we must not stoop to employ them in the highest council of our Church?

Can no layman in the Methodist connection, buy type, and ink, and paper, and printing presses, or understand how publishing houses should be conducted; or are the only men fitted for such things, those who have been called of God, and set apart for the work of preaching Christ's everlasting Gospel?

Cannot a well instructed layman make a good editor of a religious journal, or at least form a correct judgment of what talents are necessary to constitute such an officer an efficient one?

"But," says the reader, "we must not yield to the *ambitious* desire of our laymen to become members and officers of the General Conference in the Methodist Church!" Perhaps not. But, kind reader, it may not be ambition at all that prompts this desire! Do not be uncharitable, and misjudge thy brethren. Yet, if some of them be ambitious, I imagine it is an infirmity somewhat natural, and one from which every minister of Christ is not entirely exempt.

The history of the Church proves conclusively that ambition among the clergy is to be dreaded infinitely

more than ambition among laymen. And perhaps, in a General Conference, one would be an important check upon the other.

"But there would be so much confusion over the elections." *Not quite so much as we have without them.* Were laymen admitted into the Annual Conferences, as they should be, it would save the Church all that unhappy confusion which results from the irresponsible committees to the Council Chamber; and then, how easy a matter it would be to elect from these Conferences, delegates—both ministers and laymen—to the highest council to the Church!

At a General Conference, Mr. Blackburn always took an active part.

The general course of the business was as follows:—

1. Religious service at the opening of the Conference; at which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was usually celebrated.

2. The electing of the Secretary and his assistants.

3. The forming and appointing of Committees. There were, at every Conference, several very important Committees—among which were those on the Episcopacy, the Minutes, the Publishing or Book concerns, the Missionary cause, on Boundaries, and on Slavery.

4. The trial of Appeal cases.

5. The consideration of petitions and resolutions.

6. The election of Bishops; who are the only officers in the Church who hold their positions FOR LIFE. *Elders and Deacons are orders.* The Superintendency, kind reader, is an *office merely*—an office in an order. Our Bishops are *officers* of the General Conference. Their ordination is regarded as a mere setting apart.

7. The election of other General Conference officers, such as Editors, Secretaries, and Agents—who of course are taken from the body itself. This has been universally

the case, with but one highly honorable exception ; and in that it was found that the Lay-editor made a most efficient officer. The Church, to this day, highly approves of the choice that was made of him to this most responsible position.

8. The consideration of the reports of Committees.

That of the Committee on the Episcopacy has been, as far as I know, always adopted. The administration of our Bishops has never been impeached. They have been pure men, whose wisdom is as excellent as their piety. And as long as they shall hold their office by the tenure they do, *may God keep bad or imprudent men out of it!* AMEN.

That of the Committee on the Discipline, has generally caused some discussion.

Some amendments to this little book have been adopted:

The Church has restored Mr. Wesley's rule against intemperance:

She has taken from the discipline the rule, excluding those "who wear high heads, enormous bonnets, ruffles, and rings, from her love-feasts."

She has said in another part of the book, what has always been said in her Articles of Religion, that children are "entitled to baptism."

Other amendments will also be manifested on a comparison of the present book with that published in 1812.

That of the Committee on Slavery, has usually created a storm. The Methodist Church "has, from the beginning, been a slaveholding, but an anti-slavery Church." I suppose she always will be, until she can get rid of what Mr. Wesley was pleased to call "the sum of all villanies;" and the sooner the Church and State get rid of it, the better. Still, the brethren of the North should not goad those of the border, but help them in the great work of extending the area of human freedom; and especially

should they have a care, that while they are contending for *their* mode of bringing liberty to the African slave, they do not suffer a spiritual tyranny to become so strong, as finally to drive them to an untimely location, or make vassals of them all.

Each Conference adopted its own rules. This was done at an early stage of its proceedings.

Mr. Blackburn always returned from General Conference impressed with a sense of the greatness of the Methodist E. Church, and its vast influence upon national affairs.

He was one day musing upon the sympathy which necessarily exists between State and Church governments, and at the close of his reverie, started up suddenly, and exclaimed, with energy, "If the Republican form of our National government does not, in the course of a few years, influence the Church, so as to effect a change in her system, the Church will radically affect that of the State."

From that hour he was in favor of doing away the *life office* from the Episcopacy, and of lay delegation; but he prudently concealed his sentiments from every one, save Father Braddock; and what he said to him he knew would be sacredly kept from the rest of the world, even from Lotte.

And he did keep it sacredly.

Father Braddock read and studied his Bible, preached, prayed, sang, and rejoiced over the conversion of sinners; and otherwise toiled and suffered, as I have told thee, reader; but he never advanced far in the study of politics, either of Church or State.

The reason why Mr. Blackburn's name does not appear on the minutes of the General Conference is, that I have in this history used only his assumed name.

CHAPTER XIII.

Containing some thoughts on Church polity, that Mr. Blackburn had prepared to express in General Conference; but was prevented from doing so by the extended debates on the Slavery question.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE READER.

If the reader has looked over the heading of this chapter, he may wonder how I obtained the important paper which I am about to present to his perusal.

His curiosity will be allayed somewhat when I inform him that I have access to Mr. Blackburn's study; more frequently, perhaps, than any other person, excepting his wife.

One day I observed some sheets lying loosely on his table; which, I confess, was an unusual thing there. Mr. Blackburn's prudence generally prevented such an occurrence; and perhaps would have done so at this time, but for the merest accident:—

I happened to call at his residence, just as a stranger was admitted into it; whose business with him being of a private character, he bade me walk into the study, while he should converse, for a short time, with the other gentleman in the parlor.

I obeyed his instructions.

He had expected, when called down, to be absent but for a short time, but did not expect that I would be present during that absence; as my name had not been presented to him with that of the stranger. He consequently did not lock up the paper.

DR. SMITH READING HIS MANUSCRIPT TO ELDER BLACKBURN. (*See Introduction.*)

And I, being engaged in writing this history, laid Vandal hands upon it.

I kept it for several days, and copied it.

When I returned it, I found him easily mollified by the statement I made him, that I had composed the greater portion of a "Life of Father Braddock," and determined to use his paper for one of my chapters.

After a few pretty severe remarks upon the sin of literary theft, he consented that I might use his paper, and also promised that, if my work pleased him, he would write an Introduction for it. This Introduction I shall instruct my publisher to have printed in good, large type, at the commencement of the volume.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to present the reader with so fine a summary of Church politics as this chapter contains; and particularly so, as it is the production of the prudent and sagacious Mr. Blackburn. But I regret that the whole speech, of which it is only the notes, was not delivered on the floor of the General Conference: the Slavery question, as the reader has been informed, prevented it.

THE PAPER.

"Mr. President:—

"The report of the Committee on the Discipline, which is now before us, devolves on me the duty of making some few observations on the many changes which have been suggested during the investigations, which have engaged the earnest attention of that Committee for so many days.

"It is with some regret that I feel myself compelled to state that the Committee were unanimously of the opinion that, while our doctrines and *usages among the people*, are so accepted by the citizens of this country, as to give it

an influence upon society, commensurate with our population, it is debarred from such influence, by the nature of the government we have adopted.

"It appeared to the Committee that a republican form of government in the state would never permit a Church having a monarchical or aristocratical form, to exist long in that state, without either becoming itself modified or modifying the other.

(Illustrations of this position drawn from Roman, German, and Spanish history. The Republics of South America and France are failures; because the doctrines prevailing in the Church on the nature of government were exactly contrary to those which prevailed in the State.)

"The Committee, however, could not feel free to present any decided resolutions, bearing upon this matter, to the Conference. They have recommended a *few verbal alterations* to the Book of Discipline—such, as in the crowded state of the business, they were quite sure would be adopted. Still they have expressed a willingness that I should state their convictions—together with the grounds on which they rest—in such a manner as my humble talents would enable me. And I confess myself quite gratified in having the opportunity of doing so. (It would be well to weave in some remarks here upon the *vexed question*—congratulating the Conference on the disposition they shall have made of it. *I suppose it will be settled in some way or other, before I come to deliver my speech.*)

"My loyalty, Mr. President, and that of my brethren, I hope will not be questioned, because for myself and on their behalf, I appear on this floor to make an honest (and I may add) earnest statement of our convictions and views. We are Methodists. We have no other ecclesiastical relations than those which we hold to the M. E.

Church. To her we have given our fealty, our prayers, and our toils; and for her our best wishes and hopes aspire. Several of us have become grayheaded in her service. Long have we all ministered at her altars. We regard her preachers as our companions in arms. We love them. Some of them we more than love. They are veterans, whom we revere because they received us as recruits into the army, in which we have, at length, come to be standard bearers. We wish to die in the midst of our brethren. Whether it shall please them to adopt our views, or not, in the cause of our Saviour, we are determined to fight by their side. (Add something about the noble ship which has landed so many on the heavenly shore. If it should be wrecked because of the *stiffness of its timbers*, and broken to pieces, we will cling to one of its planks, and try thus, as Paul and his companions did, at the time of their peril, to gain the heavenly shore.)

"Too much cannot be said in favor of our doctrines. There is not one that we do not most heartily believe. The "man of one book" was its master; and his statements of the teachings of inspiration, are unexceptionable. The same view we entertain of our popular usages. Love feasts, class meetings, prayer meetings, lay preaching, and a well ordered Itinerancy, are indispensable to our continued prosperity. (The success of these appliances to be commented on in the most glowing terms I can employ. During which I must also show that it is by these—NOT *by our Episcopacy, nor Presiding Eldership, nor by our Annual Conferences, as now constituted*—that our increase in numbers has been effected. Persons when first converted to God through these gracious instrumentalities, never pause long to inquire into the nature of our Church government. It is not until sometime afterwards that this forces itself on their attention.)

"Methodism is a child of Providence. The institutions

among us have arisen upon what might be called a law of providential indications; how our various usages came into existence in England; how they came into existence in this country; general remarks on the propriety of changing our mode of operating, as these indications change; how these indications have been changing; sparse populations have become dense; the scattered village has become the compact borough; the borough has grown into the city; the cities which years ago numbered ten thousand, now number hundreds of thousands of people; a few preachers, chiefly *unordained*, have been succeeded by thousands of ordained ministers; circuits have been broken up into stations—and the wants of this age are entirely dissimilar from those of the past; even the wants of one portion of our country are now no index to the wants of the whole country.

"Is it not too much to say that the Methodist Church has committed no errors? Is she infallible? Have all her officers been endowed with a wisdom absolutely Divine? Ought we not, as a gravely deliberative body, who are doing work for generations yet unborn, and whose proceedings are perhaps to affect the destiny of this country for ages long to come, to pause and review the past as we may suppose it will be reviewed in the far distant future?

"We have committed two great errors, as your Committee believe, in forming our economy.

"THE FIRST is an error now embraced, and which has been embraced for a long time, in our Book of Discipline. THE SECOND consists in a tacit acquiescence in, and an encouragement of customs which no law of our Discipline sanctions. The one refers *to our Episcopacy*—the other, *to our people.*

"I. Mr. Wesley did not err when he constituted the Methodist societies in this country into a church. Neither did Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury err in accepting the office

of the *Superintendency* from him, in the form under which he was pleased that it should be bestowed. This was our Episcopacy; it was Presbyterian Episcopacy. It is all the Episcopacy our Church ought to recognise.

In the opinion of Mr. Wesley—published now to the world, *and never abandoned by himself*—the Methodist E. Church made a grievous mistake when she suffered the Scriptural title of Bishop to be applied exclusively to our Chief Superintendents. His remonstrance with Mr. Asbury, in this very particular, should never be forgotten. This is likewise the opinion of your Committee. A Presbyter is a Bishop. In giving our testimony against High Church pretensions, we would have done more in convincing the world that we disclaimed them, by absolutely refusing the title Bishop, as applied to our Superintendents, exclusively, and strictly adhering to that of "Superintendent" which Mr. Wesley himself employed, than by any other means.

"Then, too, the world would have understood that our *ordination* of Superintendents is not, in any sense, designed to indicate that the persons so ordained are introduced into a *new order*, but merely inducted into an *office* to which pertain important duties and responsibilities.

"Mr. Asbury did not err when he declared that the Superintendents were "wholly dependent upon the General Conference, which could remove them at its pleasure." This is a doctrine which our Church ought to maintain, and render practical. She has done so in one instance—when the General Conference accepted of the resignation of Rev. L. L. Hamline; indeed, in this instance, she has testified that the office of Superintendent is not an *order*, but an office merely; and, as such, may be laid aside. Our Discipline NOWHERE teaches that the Superintendency is a LIFE OFFICE. It is entirely at the disposal of the General Conference. *This body has the constitutional*

power to require every Superintendent to surrender up his official insignias and powers on to-morrow. Her practice, indeed, may be pleaded to the contrary—but her Book of Discipline cannot; and in her practice, even, she has established one very important precedent.

"Were not our Superintendents among the purest, the wisest, and the best men that live—did I not so regard them—did they not stand unrivalled in my estimation, by any other dignitaries in the Church of Jesus, I would not be emboldened to make the suggestion I am about to utter. But my very esteem for them, coupled with the dread I constantly feel, that as our Church shall become powerful, their successors will neither be so devoted to God, nor to the best interests of humanity, *leads me to hope that they will, for the sake of the Church, lay down the honors and powers with which they are invested, by resigning their office into the hands of this General Conference.* Does any one exclaim that the proposition is startling? My only reply is, that such a course would be the best and most glorious service that could now be rendered to our common Methodism. We are taunted to-day by dignitaries of other churches, holding the Highest Church views, that with all our Low Church pretensions, more power is now exercised by a Methodist Bishop than any individual ought to be permitted to exercise, and which they, with all their High Church pretensions, have never ventured to trust.

"But if our Bishops hesitate to surrender an office which this body have committed to their hands, on their own personal responsibility, then this body should, by a special law, limit the term of service, and thus take from the hands of a few men that immense power which pertains alone to the office; and by frequently electing Superintendents for a limited period only, place a check upon any improper exercise of its vast functions.

"Can there be any objections pleaded against this?

"Does the objector say that such a course would do away with the Episcopacy? What is Episcopacy, I ask? Is it anything differing from Presbytery? If not; how can it be done away by such decisive action?

"Is it necessary to Methodist Episcopacy, that there should be one first among equals? Then, you will find that one in his person, whoever he may be, who may hold the incumbency of the Superintendent's office, for the time appointed.

"But is it urged that our Superintendents have always held their position for life? We answer, *Not so!* Rev. L. L. Hamline has not. From the face of our Discipline, we cannot say that our Church ever designed that they should. Mr. Asbury himself said that the Bishops are entirely dependent on the General Conference.

"Bishop Soule, innocently, it may be, betrayed the General Conference into an error, when by his influence a law was passed making the Presiding Elder subject to the appointment of the Superintendents. This should never have been the case. The Conference had acted wisely in making these officers elective by the preachers; and it had been another wise step, had equal power and responsibility with those vested in the Superintendent been given to them WHILE IN COUNCIL. This law has made the source of Church power to inhere in the Superintendency:—

(The illustration I must employ for this will be as follows:—The Bishop appoints the Presiding Elders—the Bishop and Presiding Elders ordain the Elders—(the Bishops themselves ordain the Deacons)—the Presiding Elders, the Elders and the Deacons,—elect the candidates for orders—and make every officer in the Church, of every name, excepting the Sexton.)

"Is there any Church in the world, whose Bishops

have such absolute power as this? Is it not vastly too much for our safety? And is not time that we should look earnestly at our errors here, and adopt the means necessary for their correction?

"II. The second general error which I have named, Mr. President, and upon which I wish to remark, is *the tacit acquiescence in and encouragement of customs which no law of our Discipline sanctions.*

"It is useless, Mr. President, to suppose that the people of this country will remain in the Methodist Church, *much as the masses love her*, at the sacrifice of all their power. They will not be bound. The minister of Jesus may indeed be, through a remembrance of his vows; but the people will not; no! *the people will not.*

"Therefore, notwithstanding the provisions of Discipline, we see *the people electing their Trustees;* AND OUR CHURCH QUIETLY ACQUIESCES.

"*The people petition for or remonstrate against preachers,* AND ARE PATIENTLY HEARD, AND, AS FAR AS CAN BE, GRATIFIED.

"*The people offer inducements in the form of salaries and presents, to popular men,* AND SUCCEED IN PROCURING THEIR SERVICES.

"*They beg for transfers,* AND OBTAIN THEM.

"No preacher dares to receive a person into Church, on probation, without asking for objections; nor make his own appointment, without permission from the Bishop; nor secure a good one, without first securing the influence of some laymen of the Church he desires to serve:—he is wholly dependent on the judgment of others for the means of a livelihood; and when he becomes aged, is apt to be thrust aside, that *Committees powerful, but irresponsible, may be gratified.*

THUS, BETWEEN THE POWER OF THE SUPERINTENDENCY, WHICH, WHILE IT SHALL REMAIN A LIFE OFFICE, WITH ITS

UNPARALLELED PATRONAGE, IS TOO TREMENDOUS TO RESIST, AND THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE, WHICH BEING NOT SANCTIONED BY DISCIPLINARY ENACTMENTS, NOR CONTROLLED BY THEM, IS UTTERLY IRRESPONSIBLE, THE TRUE, HUMBLE, FAITHFUL MINISTERS OF JESUS, IN THE METHODIST E. CHURCH, ARE IMPOVERISHED AND CRUSHED, AND BROKEN IN HEART. *And what may come upon them in the future, God only knows.*

"The few only are safe and happy who can keep both the Bishops and the people upon their side; if either one of these parties oppose them, they are sure to suffer.

"And now, Mr. President, after having stated the convictions of the Committee, I feel it incumbent on me, in their behalf, to add what amendments to the Discipline they would have suggested, could they have hoped to obtain a patient consideration of them by this Conference.

"(*Will the brethren be pleased to use their books of Discipline, and note the changes suggested?*)

"1. To the answer of Question 1st, of Section I., of Chapter III. (that on the General Conferences), they would have suggested that the words, '*together with an equal number of laymen, to be chosen by vote in each Annual Conference from among its lay members,*' be added.

"2. To the answer of Question 1, of Section III., of Chapter III. (that of the Annual Conferences), they would have proposed the addition of the following words:—'*and as many laymen to be chosen from the Circuits and Stations severally, where the travelling preachers shall have labored.*

"3. In the answer to Question 1, of Section IV., of Chapter III. (that of the Quarterly Conferences), they would have recommended to strike out the words 'and none else,' and to insert in their place, '*and —— members, holding no official relations in the Church, saving that of*

Trustees, to be chosen annually by the male members of each Circuit and Station, present at the election, and voting.'

"4. In the answer to Question 1, of Section I., of Chapter IV. (that on the election and consecration of Bishops, &c.), they would have asked the General Conference to insert, after the word 'Elders,' the words, '*which person so elected, shall hold his office for four years, and be eligible to only one re-election.*'

"5. From the Answer 3, to Question 3, of Section I., of Chapter IV., they would have desired all that follows the word '*provided,*' until the words '*he shall have authority,*' occurs, be stricken out.

"6. The answer to Question 1, of Section II., of Chapter IV., instead of reading, '*by the Bishops,*' they would have it read, '*by the several Annual Conferences.*'

"7. To Answer 1, of Question 4, of same Section, we would add the words, '*excepting such as may be in charge of Stations.*' We would do this, because in many parts of our work we conceive that for a Presiding Elder to travel, is entirely unnecessary.

"These several amendments, which are so simple, are all that your Committee now deem to be necessary in order that our Church government may become modelled after a plan such as is suggested by Republican simplicity. Indeed, there is but one other change upon which the Committee have had any conversation; and that is, touching the Bishop's Council, *which is, in reality, a body unknown to our Discipline.* It was thought by us that the duty and powers of this body ought to be defined by law; and that each member composing it, should have a voice in the fixing of the appointments,—while the Bishop, as its presiding officer, should be permitted only to vote when a majority might be needed, on account of an equal division of sentiment among its members.

"I am aware, Mr. President, how important the changes we have suggested are. I fear they may occasion much surprise. I know they cannot be considered now. But may I not express the hope that during the interim between this and our next session, they will be reflected upon earnestly? It may be said that these changes are radical. Be it so! They are, nevertheless, necessary. If we have been radically *wrong*, should we not strive to become radically *right?* If we have permitted power, by legal sanction, to accumulate too greatly in one place, should we not distribute it to where it is needed, and thus prevent its further growth? If we have, *without law*, cherished a power irresponsible, before which already many mighty men, the servants of Jesus, have sadly fallen, is it not our duty at length to seize that power, make it legal, and chain it to a strict responsibility? (I must close by direct appeals to the Superintendents and the members of the Conference, not to throw themselves in the way of so needed a reformation; after which I will submit the amendments adopted,

"And they will carry without debate.)

W. BLACKBURN."

Note by the Editor.—The speech of my friend would have been powerful, had he delivered it in open Conference. The reader must supply, from his own resources, the illustrations, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

Showing how Father Braddock suffered ecclesiastical martyrdom, and how he conducted himself in his sufferings.

CONFERENCE met again.

Father Braddock had preached his Farewell Sermon to the people at *Scramble-Town*. Many tears were shed during its delivery; for the hard-handed people of the place really loved the good old man.

The next Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, Father Braddock sat in the Conference room.

His son Samuel was also there: he was to be admitted. His sun was about to rise, while his father's was to be obscured. For one there was a bright morning; for the other, a cloudy, tempestuous, and untimely night.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The Bishop sat in his chair.

Before and at either side of him sat the Conference. It was a body of godly men; not ruddy and round and florid; but men whose countenances indicated habitual anxiety, and whose slender forms betokened mental effort and exhausting toils. Some of them had labored day after day, and night after night, for weeks, under the self-consuming excitement of Protracted Revival Meetings.

The most of them wondered where their lot would be cast after Conference. The Bishop was to turn the wheel: many were to draw prizes not desired nor desirable: a few might get good places. In nine days from that moment,

those who had so recently met would be scattered abroad, and some of them with aching hearts.

The name of J. Braddock was the tenth one called. He was indeed among the fathers. Yet he was a hale old man: and the pleasant smile, which mingled with the air of sadness over his features, arrayed his looks with an uncommon charm. His step was firm. A stranger who might have seen him on the morning of the opening of Conference, would have judged that there was vigor in his frame sufficient to assure his heart that he might yet toil for years in the vineyard of the Lord. And so Father Braddock thought. It was both his desire and motto, to

"Cease at once to work and live."

The Secretary finished calling the roll, and the business of the Conference at once commenced.

Day after day the preachers assembled, and despatched the business before them with earnest and yet prudent haste.

There is no deliberative body in the world whose discussions are conducted with such vigor, and yet with such godly judgment.

There is none in the world whose proceedings attract more attention from the circle of persons interested in them.

Crowds of spectators were in the Conference-room day after day. They did no harm as spectators. They were only deeply interested witnesses.

It was only at the Council Chamber door, or in private interviews with the Bishop, or some one of the Presiding Elders, that the people did harm.

A Committee approached Elder Dale the third day of the session.

"And whom have you down for our Church?" asked they.

Elder Dale whispered in their ears—"Father Braddock."

"Father Braddock!" exclaimed they. "You do not, we hope, intend to send us that old man?"

"Why not?" inquired Elder Dale. "He is a most excellent man, and never was in charge of either Circuit or Station, that it did not prosper. I doubt much if I can do better for you."

"Better or worse," they replied, "you must not send him. Send any one else whom you please! We don't want that old man with his crazy wife."

Father Braddock, kind reader, *did not hear that!* Had he done so, he would have scathed those men as the lightnings scathe the forest trees which attract their vengeance. His Lotte crazy! That faithful wife, whose sacrifices for him and his work, have never been recorded! And this inquisition into his family relations, and this poisoned dart *shot at his back, and in the dark, too!* But Father Braddock did not know it. The interview with Elder Dale was *private.* The interviews of the Committees are always private. The wounds made by them are secret wounds.

"But, brethren," continued Elder Dale, "I imagine you labor under a false impression with regard to Father Braddock's family. Mrs. Braddock's health is poor; but her intellect is sound."

"But we don't want Father Braddock," said the Committee. "He is too old for us; his head is too gray; and we are afraid his voice will be too heavy for our church; and that he will not be sufficiently attractive; and besides these, we cannot bear the thought of having a preacher come from *Scramble-Town* to *Hope Avenue Church.* You must take him up!"

Expostulation was in vain. The Committee, without one solid objection against the man, would have their way.

Father Braddock had seen Elder Dale at the beginning of Conference. He was several years his senior.

"I would like to have a city appointment this year, Brother Dale," said he; "or one in the neighborhood. Mrs. Braddock's health requires that I should be within reach of some good physician. I don't want to lose her. *I have never asked for a favor before;* but now, I hope I may be gratified in my request."

THE GOOD OLD MAN! Had preachers and people been like unto him, Methodist simplicity had never been sacrificed to ecclesiastical ambition or popular clamor!

There had never been the supplanting, scheming, kneeing, refusing, choosing, jealousy, backbiting, and slander, which are now disgracing the Methodist Church, and rendering the preachers and people dissatisfied with her Discipline and its administration.

"I will do the best for you I can," said Elder Dale.

But what could Elder Dale do?

Some preachers and some committees had already seen the Bishop, and were urging their claims day after day; yea, *and night after night.* All the other Elders were constantly besieged. Some of them had special friends whom they felt they must take care of: some preachers who had been in the city would not leave it without the iron compulsion of Episcopal prerogative; and then they would go out to speak against arbitrary power—it might be, to write against it, with pens dipped in venom and gall. Some preachers who were out of the city, were determined to come in. "They had been kept out for years. They had their rights, and in the general strife, they were determined to maintain them." "They would appeal from the Episcopacy and its counsellors, to the people; they would raise a storm."

What could Elder Dale do then, I ask again, for Father Braddock?

He had nominated him for *Hope Avenue* Church; the committee had found it out. It was plain that he could not go there.

He had been at *River Station.* They would have been pleased to have him again; but that church was not on Elder Dale's District.

He might send him to *Down-Town;* but he had promised that appointment to his intimate friend—*though this was a secret most profound.*

High Street did not change this year.

Uptown had asked for Father Braddock; but the Bishop and Council were keeping that place open for Elder Dale—who was this year to go out of the Eldership; and Elder Dale was too modest a man to resist the wishes of his brethren.

At *Noble Point* they had asked for *only one man;* and it was thought proper to gratify them, as it was a wealthy and powerful church, and very Methodistical, *because it had always had its way.*

The *Tenth Street Church* had resolved upon having a transfer, and had applied eight months ago for one; which had already actually been made, though the matter had not yet publicly transpired.

These were a few of the difficulties in Father Braddock's way. There were many others like them. He could not see them; but Elder Dale could. At the sixth day of Conference it was plain to him that he could not press Father Braddock into any city station; except it might be to some very weak church, that nobody wanted.

On Monday morning of the Conference, he came to where Father Braddock sat, and tapping the good old man on the shoulder, asked him gently, in a whisper, this question:—

"Father Braddock, how would you like to go to *Famine Street?*"

"To *Famine Street!*" exclaimed Father Braddock.

"Yes! I have been trying to do better for you; but the difficulties in making the appointments *this year* are so great, it seems that I cannot, if I give you a city appointment at all."

"Why cannot I go to *River Station?* The people want me there."

"You know that is not on my District; and Brother Blank will not nominate you."

"I thought the Bishop fixed the appointments."

"Not in this regard! He permits the Elder to nominate."

"Why not, then, to *Uptown?*"

"The Bishop and Council will not permit me to make a nomination for that station. They all say that they have a man for that."

"Why not, then, to *Hope Avenue?* Many of the members there have expressed a wish that I should serve them."

"But the committee have protested against you."

"O, blessed Lord!" ejaculated Father Braddock, clasping his hands, and looking upwards toward heaven, "if it be come to this, let me fall into Thine hands, rather than into those of my brethren! My brethren have dealt deceitfully with me as a brook."

Elder Dale's eyes filled with tears. He embraced good Father Braddock's neck, and said gently, "I will try again. You shall not be afflicted if I can help it."

And the interview ended.

It was during this interview that another scene transpired.

The Bishop and his Council had felt that the Conference was crowded with married men, and that they could

not appoint all of them to Churches and Circuits, where they would be sustained. An Elder was speaking of this difficulty, while his brother Dale was sending barbed arrows into Father Braddock's heart. He felt that it was an act of mercy to many of his brethren. Their afflictions would not now find the suffering brethren entirely unprepared for them.

This brought Mr. Blackburn to his feet. He said emphatically—

"Mr. President: The way in which we crowd young men, *without* learning, or experience, or training, or families, into our Conference, and crowd out our veterans, *with* learning, and experience, the training of long years of toil, and families, whom we should protect, is becoming a shame, and a disgrace upon us. The door of entrance to our ministry is far too large and convenient of access."

The Conference at once proceeded to other business.

Twenty young men were received on trial.

Some of them had never read their Bibles through; their theology had been picked up—no one knew how; their qualifications for the work were treasured up in the future; they might yet become valuable laborers in the Church of Jesus.

Others of them were well qualified. They had not run before they were sent. They had to be thrust out.

"The Itinerancy is a good Theological School."

Very good; but men should be well prepared to enter it before they are admitted; and the Church should be convinced of this. It is high time she should cease to decry learning, and begin earnestly to insist upon well-tried piety.

But the Conference did one good thing; it received Samuel Braddock into the ministry. The last time I saw him he remarked to me: "Inasmuch as the Church fur-

nishes me with a Theological School, free of cost, and supports me besides, while I am passing through the prescribed studies, I will strive to repay her well, before I burden her." "That," replied I, "is the sentiment that will save the fathers from ecclesiastical martyrdom."

The tears were in Samuel's eyes when I had finished my reply. For the moment I had forgotten his father's wrongs.

Two days after their second, Elder Dale had a third interview with Father Braddock.

"I have tried," said he, "to do my best, but cannot succeed."

"What then shall I do?" inquired Father Braddock.

"I do not know," replied Elder Dale. "Might we not send you to *Old Bay* Circuit? That was Lotte's home. To mingle with the scenes and friends of her youth, might have a good effect upon her health."

"It would just crush and grind her heart to powder!" exclaimed Father Braddock. "To have come away from her home full, and return to it empty, and carry there, with her despairing soul, the cause of all her earthly bitterness and woe, her husband slighted and contemned, and forced there, to find for her a grave, would be to her the most cruel martyrdom. It would be preparing her tomb before her eyes, and then compelling her to go into it alive. *I will not go to Old Bay Circuit.*"

"Then you must take your own course," said Elder Dale, kindly, "and become a supernumerary."

"Is that my own course?" inquired Father Braddock.

"Yes," said Elder Dale, "if you will not go where the *Bishop* sends you."

"Does he send me there—to Old Bay Circuit?" asked the good man.

"Certainly! he has taken that responsibility. He is responsible for all the appointments."

"Well," said Father Braddock, for the only time in all his long life decided on rebellion, "I WILL NOT GO; you may ask for me a supernumerary relation."

And it was asked, in due form, the next day, by Elder Dale; and granted by the Conference without asking any questions.

But, kind reader, it was not the Bishop's fault that Father Braddock had been set down to Old Bay Circuit; and *his responsibility was nothing.* He was only the responsible power, and unassailable, to protect the Council, the preachers, and the committees, in their irresponsible work.

Elder Dale suggested to the preachers on his District, that Father Braddock had not sufficient means to pay his moving expenses from *Scramble-Town*, to where he might choose to live for the following year. God, who feedeth the ravens when they cry, might take care of him afterwards. The next Conference would give him a share of the funds.

Never mind! Father Braddock. Thou art in the midst of thy brethren! They will now, *that thou art crushed*, take care of thee!

"GARNISH THE SEPULCHRES OF THE RIGHTEOUS!!" *But they did not kill him!* WHO DID? WHO BROKE MY FATHER BRADDOCK'S HEART? WHO SENT HIM LIVING TO A DISHONORED GRAVE? THE SYSTEM! reader, THE SYSTEM!!!

The Committee of the Whole took up a large collection for Father Braddock; and presented it to him with tears and prayers; and they were tears and prayers that came up from their hearts.

"I move," said a voice, "that the Conference do now adjourn." It was seconded, and put, and prevailed.

And after singing and prayer, the appointments were read.

Elder Dale went to Uptown; a good appointment for both preacher and people; but Father Braddock could not get there.

River Station got the man against whom they had protested. Father Braddock was the man they asked for—and they asked for him *only*. But it was thought in Council that *that thing* should be resisted—*the asking for but one man*—and they determined to make an example of *River Station*.

The friend of Elder Dale went to *Down-Town*. He had not been asked for.

To *Noble Point*, the *only* man they petitioned for, was sent. It was deemed expedient in this case.

And an eloquent brother was transferred to *Tenth St.*

The same kind of expediency ruled in making all the appointments.

No one was responsible for these things, save the Bishop—and who could blame him? All the other actors were INVISIBLE. The SYSTEM *was the only responsibility that was tangible: and may God break down such a system! Amen! and amen!!!*

Father Braddock went home the next day.

Sallie met him near the door. Her countenance was care-worn, but cheerful. She saw that his was unusually sad.

It seemed to her, as he approached, that her heart would break. Yet she smiled in despite of her internal anguish.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "do not look so sad. It will quite kill poor mother to see you so! I have been trying to encourage her, and keep up her spirits. I have read your letters to her about your going to *Uptown* or *River Station* or *Hope Avenue;* and they have cheered her so, that she has been better ever since!"

"Oh, Sallie!" said the good man; "your words pierce

my soul with a death-like sorrow. All my hopes have been blasted! *I am ruined! ruined!!* I have nothing but my faith in God left to me now. Cursed is he who maketh flesh his arm!! *I feel it.*"

"But the Lord," said Sallie, sweetly, "is on our side."

"That is my only hope," responded Father Braddock.

"Then strive to be cheerful, and appear before mother so," said Sallie, tenderly.

"Lord help me!" ejaculated Father Braddock; and a sweet, heavenly smile lighted up his countenance.

He had the victory again.

He entered the house, and embraced his partner.

She strove to control her feelings; and mastered them well for one in so weak a state.

"Samuel," said he, quickly, before Lotte could speak, "has been admitted into Conference, and sent as junior preacher to *Valley-Dell.*"

"Thank God!" said Lotte. "I hope he will become a polished shaft in his quiver."

"I hope so," said the father; "and he will soon be here. I left him behind with the baggage."

And the good man went on and beguiled his partner of her sorrow, and made her to forget herself and him, in talking of their son.

Samuel came in, and the conversation proceeded, until Lotte's heart grew very hopeful for Samuel.

Then, she asked the dreaded question—one which Sallie dared not ask, and whose utterance made every nerve within her shake.

"Where dost thou go, husband?"

"To *Uptown*, but—as—a—*Supernumerary*," replied Father Braddock, with a voice tremulous with emotion.

"They have ruined thee at last!" said she. "Thy gray hairs, as well as mine, are to go down with sorrow to the grave."

Then she stared at him vacantly!

"Mother!" exclaimed Samuel, "the Lord will provide!"

"But we are in the hands of *men*," said Lotte, striving to rally those enfeebled powers which she could only imperfectly command.

The effort was in vain.

The nervous power had deserted the seat of the mind, and was flying to the extremities, and making every muscle of the body quiver, and every limb shake, with the greatest agitation.

In another moment the stillness of death had settled upon this wife and mother.

And the husband and chilren labored long to restore her; weeping and praying at her side.

Hours passed away.

At length she awoke, and was calm.

The struggle had past.

With her returning consciousness, she had realized in some feeble sense a *vision of her suffering Saviour glorified;* and her first words were, "If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be glorified together!"

CHAPTER XV.

Containing an account of Father Braddock and his family after his ecclesiastical martyrdom.

READER! thou hast patiently attended to all that I have said concerning my Father Braddock's sufferings and wrongs. I will soon take my leave of thee, that thou mayest reflect upon his eventful history. But before I do this, I must somewhat gratify the curiosity that I have been the means of exciting within thy breast, to know what subsequently became of him and his.

Samuel went to *Valley-Dell* Circuit, to study, labor, and toil among the people there. They remembered well his father, and loved the son for the father's sake.

Miss Langdon and he kept up a dignified but affectionate correspondence. When I saw Samuel last, he blushingly informed me that they corresponded still.

I suppose there is a union of hearts here, that heaven will ratify one day; at least, I hope so.

But before Samuel removed to *Valley-Dell*, he saw his father, mother, and sister, in their *home* in the city. It is a snug little cottage, which is not owned, but rented by the good old man, and he calls it the "Pilgrim's Rest."

But Lotte is never there, now—at least, in body; she has removed to a purer home.

They removed her to her last earthly home very carefully. Some kind *River Station* friends purchased furniture for it, and came and arranged it for the family on the day they moved. They also brought provisions with them, and set the table; to which they invited them to sit down,

and then they waited on them with far more earnest affection than servants are accustomed to wait upon princes.

But Lotte's constitution was irreparably ruined.

Yet having survived the last shock, she obtained a peace of mind that never forsook her more.

As she lay upon her couch, or reclined in the great arm chair, that the *River Station* people had brought her, she would sometimes say that it was a severe discipline through which she had been compelled to pass; but that now she was "made perfect through sufferings."

Yet who, kind reader, would dare to say that such a discipline was necessary to Lotte's salvation? It might brighten the glory of her reward. It was her faith in Jesus that secured it; and that faith had been tried "though as by fire."

She continued to decline day after day, and week after week, and month after month. The able physician who attended her, could not prevail to check her increasing indisposition.

One morning, in December, she looked out of the window, and seeing the snow, which had fallen during the night, lying everywhere as a white mantle, upon which the ascending sun shone most beautifully, she exclaimed, "That is an emblem of death—beautiful and cold."

"Do not think of death!" exclaimed Father Braddock. "My dear," he continued, "think of that which is above."

"I think of both, husband," replied Lotte. "Death has a charm for my thoughts; I am more than conqueror over him; I dread not the coldness of his touch,—for the bright rays of immortality which are shed abroad over his dominions, appear to me more glorious, because they are reflected from them. I shall not really die. My spirit shall not go down to the grave. It came from God, and

as the pure and unsullied light, shall be reflected from the dominions of death, up to God again."

The sunshine on the snow had suggested the thought. Lotte now could draw consolation from everything.

She soon fell into a slumber.

When she awoke, she exclaimed :—

"Husband, I have just had a *token*. My end is near. Write for Samuel."

"Why, Lotte, thou hast been sleeping sweetly!"

"Yes! they do not sleep in heaven; but my slumber has been heavenly. I saw George."

"Thou didst see George!"

"Yes! and his countenance shone as the sun, and his raiment was white as light! and he beckoned to me, and said, in the most gentle manner, 'Mother! the Master is come, and calleth for thee! Set thine house in order—take thy leave of father and brother and sister—and leave them for the Master's sake.' Send for Samuel."

And Father Braddock sent for Samuel.

In four days, Samuel stood by her bedside.

All the family were there.

Lotte was breathing feebly. Her countenance was pale; her respiration hurried; her lips unusually blue; and her voice was as soft as the whisper of death.

"Samuel," said she, "preach the everlasting gospel; and endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ!"

"Sallie," she continued, "watch thou over thy father, as the gentle nurse watches over the tender infant! It was my blessed lot to close my dear father's eyes with mine own hand."

"Husband," she added, "wait for the Master! for in a little while he that cometh will come and will not tarry."

"Now, farewell, all of you! they are beckoning me away."

LOTTE'S DEATH.

"This is my first of Heaven."

She was silent, and spake no more on earth.

Her mission of duty and suffering was completed.

A few more mechanical respirations, and all was over.

During that winter, the pure, white snow which fell from heaven covered the grave of the gentle Lotte.

In the spring time, Samuel visited the grave; and, sitting down upon a neighboring tomb, composed the following stanzas:—

MY MOTHER.

She slumbers now sweetly, and without dreams;
For Heaven her spirit contains:
It has gone to mingle midst glory's beams,
Where are verdure and beauty and love's purest streams,
And Pleasure eternally reigns.

Her slumber is peaceful, unbroken her rest,
And sorrow with her has an end;
While her dust in the grave by the earth-clods is pressed,
Her soul doth recline on Immanuel's breast,
And there shall eternity spend.

The snow from her tomb is now melted away,
The storm and the tempest are past;
The sunbeams above it delightfully play,
And the spring-breezes cheer with their murmuring stay—
I wish that they ever would last.

The swift wings of time will soon bring to me
The winter of death with its dread;
And then near thy grave I desire to be,
That there I may slumber, my mother! with thee,
When life and its sorrows have fled.

With thee, my repose shall be pleasant and sweet;
I shall sleep, until with thee I'll rise;
And then with new songs we each other shall greet,
And mount from the grave to Immanuel's feet,
For ever to dwell in the skies.

Sallie remains still with her father. The "Pilgrim's Rest" contains two true hearts. Though Sallie's charms attract many visitors, the one, among them all, who is most highly favored, is from "*Sweet Bellevue.*" Squire Du Ross's second son, whose name is Frank, is destined, it is said, to inherit Sallie's cares, when Father Braddock shall be no more. Already, has he gained possession of her heart. It may be, kind reader, that Sallie shall yet have the care of a husband and of a father, at the same time.

Father Braddock is still lingering at the gates of the vineyard, waiting for the Master.

His two great sources of consolation are *Memory* and *Hope.*

He dwells upon the past with some delight. He converses with his friends upon the scenes he witnessed in the days of his active ministry; of the happy conversions of which he was apparently the instrument; of the brethren who, in his younger days, were his companions in toil; of the times when the Itinerancy was one vast field of romance and chivalry.

But upon the last few years of his life, he seldom converses.

At one time, indeed, he said something of the great change that had been wrought at *Break-Neck Hill*, through his instrumentality.

"And they," said I rather inadvertently, "should never have sent you thence, to *Scramble-Town.*"

"Ah! that was not the heaviest blow they gave me," he replied. "That was reserved for two years afterwards.

"It was then they struck me fatally!

"It was then they tore and lacerated my heart!

"They drove me from the altars where I had ministered so long. Since then, these hands have not been dipped,

as the pastor of a people, in the baptismal laver, nor distributed to my flock the emblems of our Saviour's death; these eyes have not traced the sacred pages, inquiringly, for words of warning and consolation, upon which to discourse to my congregations when the Sabbath might come; and these lips no longer exclaim to worshippers in the words of sweet invitation, 'Oh, come! let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.'

"AH! MY WOUNDED HEART CAN NEVER BE HEALED!"

The tone of his voice was in the melody of plaintiveness.

I looked up into his eyes; they were suffused with tears.

As soon as he had ended, he was convulsed with sobs, such as told of the anguish of his heart. After a while he laid his head upon his hand, and was silent for a moment. Then he wiped his tears away with his handkerchief, and raising his head again, he said in a tone of such unparalleled sweetness, that I seem to hear it still:—

"Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
Through every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there."

Elder Dale, kind reader, is doing well at *Uptown*.

Elder Blackburn will speak for himself in the Introduction of this book, which I beg of thee, reader, if thou hast not read it already, to give, together with the Preface, a fair, intelligent, and candid perusal.

THE END.

SERMONS FOR THE SICK-ROOM AND FIRESIDE;

OR,

A SERIES OF DISCOURSES ON THE NATURE, OFFICES, AND KINGDOM OF JESUS.

BY REV. J. R. ANDERSON, M.D.

COMMENDATIONS OF THE WORK.

"This book of Sermons is a rich contribution to sacred literature. It is indeed a timely and valuable book."—*Baptist Chronicle.*

"In treating of the first resurrection, the view of Christ's personal reign on earth is discarded—it is interpreted as referring to the state of all the ransomed between death and the resurrection."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

"The Sermons composing this volume appear to be direct, earnest, and evangelical."—*Christian Observer (Presbyterian).*

"An interesting volume."—*Dollar Newspaper, Burlington.*

"This book your reporter knows to be a *first-rate* book, and worthy of an extensive circulation."—*Philadelphia Daily News.*

"Not only readers confined at home, but preachers may find in it rich stores of evangelic truth." These Sermons "should find favor, for they specially deserve it."—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

"They are able treatises upon great Christian doctrines. We trust that the increasing number of readers, who love to include excellent Sermons in their library, will include this volume."—*Methodist Quarterly Review.*

"They are written with terseness, and much perspicuity, brevity, and force."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Resolution of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, at its last Session.

"Resolved, that we cheerfully commend a book written by our brother, Dr. J. R. Anderson, and published by Perkinpine & Higgins, entitled 'Sermons for the Sick-room and Fireside,' as well worthy of a place in the home of every lover of Jesus."

Price $1.00, sent, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,
No. 56 N. Fourth Street, Phila.

PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,

BOOKSELLERS & PUBLISHERS,

No. 56 North Fourth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

	Retail Price.
The Triumph of Truth and Continental Letters and Sketches, from the Journal. Letters and Sermons of the Rev. Jas. Caughey, with an Introduction by Rev. Jos. Castle, D. D.,	$1 00
Voices from the Pious Dead of the Medical Profession, or Memoirs of Eminent Physicians who have fallen asleep in Jesus. By Henry J. Brown, A. M., M. D.,	90
Odd Fellowship examined in the Light of Scripture and Reason,	50
The Bible Defended against the Objections of Infidelity. By Rev. W. H. Brisbane,	50
The Stone and the Image; or the American Republic the Bane and Ruin of Despotism. By Rev. Jos. F. Berg, D. D.,	60
Prophecy and the Times; or England and Armageddon. By Rev. Jos. F. Berg, D. D.,	50
Abaddon and Mahanaim; or Dæmons and Guardian Angels. By Rev. Jos. F. Berg, D. D.,	60
Europe and America in Prophecy. By Rev. Jos. F. Berg, D. D.,	1 00
Sunday School Speaker; or Exercises for Anniversaries and Celebrations. Adapted to the various subjects to which Sabbath School efforts are directed. By Rev. John Kennaday, D. D.,	38
Remarkable Providences Illustrating the Divine Government. By Rev. S. Higgins & Rev. W. H. Brisbane, with an Introductory Essay on Providence, by Rev. Jos. Castle, D. D.,	1 00
A Synopsis of the Moral Theology of Peter Dens, as prepared for the use of Romish Seminaries and Students of Theology. Translated by Rev. Jos. F. Berg, D. D.,	1 25
Doing Good, or the Christian in Walks of Usefulness. By Rev. Robert Steel, of Manchester,	75
Select Melodies. Comprising the best Hymns and Spiritual Songs in Common use, and not generally found in Church Hymn Books. By Rev. W. Hunter,	40
The Minstrel of Zion. A Book of Religious Songs, accompanied with appropriate Music, chiefly original. By Rev. Wm. Hunter and Rev. Samuel Wakefield,	38
Lectures on the Doctrine of Election. By Alex. C. Rutherford, of Greenock, Scotland,	50
Lectures on the Reign of Satan. In which he is proven to be the God of this World and the Prince of All Nations. By Rev. Russel Reneau,	40
Duties, Tests and Comforts. By Rev. Dayton F. Reed, of the Newark Annual Conference. With an Introduction. By Rev. John McClintock, D. D.	60
Clark's Scripture Promises. Being a Collection of the Sweet Assuring Promises of Scripture, or the Believer's Inheritance. By Samuel Clark, D. D.,	30
Gilt,	45
The Anniversary Speaker; or Young Folks on the Sunday School Platform. Designed as an Assistant in Sunday School Celebrations and Anniversaries; being a Collection of Addresses, Dialogues, Recitations, Infant Class Exercises, Hymns, &c. By Rev. Newton Heston,	38
An Address to Young America and a Word to the Old Folks. By Rev. W. Taylor,	25
My Favorite Library, 10 Vols. Illustrating the Pleasures and Advantages of Kindness, Industry and Order,	4 00
The Talent improved, or Brief Memoir of an only Son,	25
Sermons, For the Sick Room and Fireside. By Rev. J. R. Anderson, M. D.,	1 00
A large and varied assortment of **Marriage Certificates,** from 40 cents to per dozen.	$4 00

☞ Any of the above works sent per mail post paid, on receipt of the above prices.

A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.

Methodiſt Book Store.

PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,
Publiſhers and Bookſellers,

NO. 56 NORTH FOURTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE

Methodiſt Book Concern,

IN LARGE QUANTITIES, WHICH THEY OFFER AT NEW YORK PRICES;
TOGETHER WITH AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

THEOLOGICAL, HISTORICAL, LITERARY,
AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

A very extenſive and choice ſelection of Juvenile Works, amounting to ſeveral thouſand Volumes, ſelected with great care, and with ſpecial reference to the Sunday School department, together with all the Sunday School Books publiſhed by the Methodiſt Book Concern;
In addition to which they can ſupply the Books publiſhed by the American Sunday School Union and American Tract Society, at the same prices at which they are ſold at their Depoſitories.

P. & H. ARE AUTHORIZED AGENTS

For the Methodiſt Quarterly Review, National Magazine, Ladies' Repoſitory, Chriſtian Advocate and Journal, Sunday School and Miſſionary Advocates.

VALUABLE WORKS

RECENTLY ISSUED.

A Voice from the Pious Dead of the Medical Profeſſion;

Or, Memoirs of Eminent Physicians who have fallen asleep in Jesus; with a Preliminary Dissertation on the Cross as the Key to all Knowledge. By HENRY J. BROWN, A. M., M. D. Price, 90 cts.

NOTICES.

From Thomas E. Bond, M. D., Editor Christian Advocate & Journal, New York.—* * * * * We hail with joy the work before us. The author has done good service by showing examples of Christian belief and practice among the most eminent of the faculty, both in Europe and America. We especially recommend this work to our brethren of the Medical Profession. They will find, especially in the dissertations which precede the Memoirs, a fair exhibition of the peculiar difficulties which the study and practice of medicine and surgery present to the theory of Christianity; and are able and satisfactory solutions of these difficulties.

From G. C. M. Roberts, M.D., Baltimore.—After having carefully read the book, and *re-read portions of it*, with increased interest, I take great pleasure in returning you my sincere thanks for affording me the opportunity, through you, of commending it most earnestly to the community at large, and to the members of the Medical Profession in particular. At this particular juncture, when strenuous efforts are in progress for the purpose of elevating the standard of medical education throughout the land, this excellent Memoir of some among the most distinguished physicians, who have died in Christ, appears most opportunely. I trust you will be successful in placing a copy of it in the library of every medical man in our country; where it will not only prove the means of spiritual benefit to preceptors, but likewise to those who may be under their supervision.

From the Boston Medical & Surgical Journal.—This volume is written with a view "to refute a charge of incompatibility between the Christian religion and science, sometimes made by wicked and ignorant persons." It contains three short Dissertations on the subjects of The Cross in the Life-Union, The Cross in Nature, and The Cross in Medicine; which are followed by Memoirs of Wm. Hey, Dr. Hope, Dr. Good, Dr. Bateman, Dr. Godman, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Broughton, and Dr. Capadose. The Dissertations are intended "as an incentive to inquiry suggestive of a form." The Memoirs are interesting; and fully prove, what hardly requires proof, that there is nothing in science which tends to lessen men's faith in the Divine doctrines of the Christian Revelation, or deter them from fulfilling all its obligations. Dr. Brown's book will doubtless be read with interest by many who are not members of the profession, as well as by physicians.

From the Christian Observer, Philadelphia.—It affords us pleasure to call attention to this interesting volume. It contains an impressive argument for the truth and excellence of the Gospel, drawn from the lives of scientific men. It shows that faith in the teaching of the Scriptures is not merely a persuasion, but a power, stronger than the innate passions of our nature—a Divine power manifested in the development of all that is pure and lovely and of good report in real life. The memorials of these excellent men show conclusively, that science and religion are not, as a few sciolists have imagined, incompatible with each other. The Preliminary Dissertation is rich in thought, suggestive, adapted to awaken inquiry on the most important subject.

From the Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati.—No book of a similar character is before the American public, and we trust it will find a good sale, not among physicians merely, but among all lovers of healthy, religious biography.

From the Pittsburg Christian Advocate.—The narrative of the closing scenes in the life of Dr. Gordon, of Hull, is of itself worth double the price of the book. Medical men, whose time is necessarily engrossed with professional engagements, will appreciate the aim of the author in collecting and condensing more extended memoirs of their worthy brothers in similar toils; and when they would not take up a long and laboured production, they can find in this volume that which will refresh and strengthen in the midst of their unceasing labours. Ministers and others, who sometimes wish to testify their high appreciation of the faithful services of the physician, will recognise in this volume a testimonial which cannot but be regarded as beautiful, appropriate, and valuable.

From the Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.—The object of these pages is to show that there is a harmony between religion and science. It is decidedly a religious book, abounding with the most useful lessons from the highest authority. The Dissertation that precedes is a valuable production, much enhancing the value of the work.

From the National Magazine, New York and Cincinnati.—We commend the volume to the general reader; while, in the language of the preface, "To medical men of every class, these Memoirs come with singular force, involving, as they do, the modes of thought, the associations, and the difficulties common to the medical profession. Their testimony is as the united voice of brethren of the same toils, proclaiming a heavenly rest to the weary pilgrim. It comes, too, unembarrassed with any considerations of interest, or mere purpose of sect or calling."

From Rev. J. F. Berg, D. D.—The selection of a number of Memoirs of Physicians eminent for their piety, who have adorned their profession in our own country and in other lands, as examples of the living power of piety, is itself a happy thought; and the primary Dissertation on the Cross as the Key to all Knowledge will suggest valuable reflections to the mind of the thoughtful reader. It is an able presentation of the great theme of the Cross of Christ as the foundation of all genuine science.

The Bible Defended againſt the Objections of Infidelity.

Being an Examination of the Scientific, Historical, Chronological, and other Scripture Difficulties. By Rev. Wm. H. Brisbane. Price, 50 cts.

NOTICES.

From the Western Christian Advocate.—The work is on a plan somewhat original, and meets a want long felt by Sabbath School Teachers and Scholars, private Christians and others. We can most heartily commend the little manual to all seeking the truth as it is in the Gospel of Christ.

From the Christian Advocate & Journal.—The author, in the body of his work, commencing with the account of the Creation, as given in the book of Genesis, goes through the principal facts recorded in the Old and New Testaments, stating and answering the objections of infidelity cogently and logically, bringing to his aid the result of extensive reading and patient investigation. It is a small book,—so small that none will be deterred from reading it by its size: yet it condenses the most general objections to the Bible, with a clear statement of the refutation of them, by the best authors who have written on the subject.

From the National Magazine.—A small but good review of the chief infidel objections to the Bible has been published by Higgins & Perkinpine. It is by Rev. W. H. Brisbane, and examines the scientific, historical, chronological, and other difficulties alleged against the Scriptures. It is especially adapted to meet the wants of Sunday School and Bible Class Teachers.

From the Easton Star.—The title page indicates the character of this little volume, which has evidently been prepared with great care, by one who appears to have thoroughly investigated the subject, and whose researches well qualify him to elucidate the difficult questions reviewed. The style is chaste, perspicuous, and comprehensive, and the volume replete with original thoughts and pertinent quotations from the first biblical and scientific authors, to support the Divine authority of the Scriptures and refute the objections of sceptics. The book contains in a nutshell most of the points of difference be-

tween infidels and Christians, and should be read by all who experience any difficulty in reconciling those texts of Scripture that are in apparent conflict, but which accord in beautiful harmony when explained by their contexts, and other subjects to which they relate. We take pleasure in commending it to those readers who have not the time to investigate heavier works, as a book that will amply repay a careful perusal.

Lectures on the Doctrine of Election.

By the Rev. A. C. RUTHERFORD, of Greenock, Scotland.

Price, 50 cts.

NOTICES.

From the National Magazine.—These Lectures are remarkable for logical acuteness and sagacity, and a comprehensive knowledge of the subject. There is a strong spice of Scottish acerbity, too, in their style. Arminian polemics will receive this volume as among the ablest vindication of their views produced in modern times.

From Rev. Bishop Scott.—I have carefully read through your late publication, entitled "Lectures on the Doctrine of Election, by Alexander C. Rutherford, of Scotland," which you were kind enough to put into my hands. I am very much pleased with it. It is an admirable book. It refutes the Calvinistic theories on this subject with, I must think, unanswerable force of argument, and unfolds and exhibits the true Bible theory with clearness and power. And, unlike many controversial works, it is a very readable book. The author's style is so clear, so natural, so easy and flowing, and withal so animated and forcible, and his manner and illustrations so interesting and striking, that one is led on from page to page, and from chapter to chapter, not only without weariness, but with increasing interest. The spirit of the book, too, I think, is excellent, independent, frank, candid, affectionate, exhibiting a profound regard for the unadulterated teachings of the Bible, and a yearning love for souls. The author, indeed, sometimes uses harsh words, but almost only of theories and systems and dogmas—seldom, indeed, of persons. He treats his opponents with Christian courtesy, occasionally only rebuking them sharply, while he deals with a fearless and unsparing hand with their false and soul-destroying errors. This book ought to be sown broadcast over the land. I could wish that a copy of it should go into every family; especially at this time, when there seems a disposition in certain quarters to force on us again this wretched Calvinistic controversy.

From Zion's Herald.—The author of this work is a Scotch clergyman, who was formerly a Calvinist, but who, by honestly seeking the truth as revealed in God's Word, was led to embrace the more Scriptural tenets of the Arminian school. Having first spread his views before the religious public at Greenock and Glasgow, in a series of lectures delivered in 1847, he afterwards gave them to the world in form of a book, which is now, for the first time, reprinted in America. Bating some few inferior points of doctrine, we think the work to be a sound, strong, and vigorous expose of the Calvinistic theory. It is finely adapted for popular circulation; could it be scattered broadcast, it would doubtless aid in extirpating the stubborn errors of that theory from such portions of the community as are still afflicted by its presence.

The Sunday School Speaker;

Or, Exercises for Anniversaries and Celebrations: Consisting of Addresses, Dialogues, Recitations, Bible Class Lessons, Hymns, &c. Adapted to the various subjects to which Sabbath School Efforts are directed. By Rev. JOHN KENNADAY, D. D. Price, 38 cts.

The Minstrel of Zion.

A Book of Religious Songs, accompanied with Appropriate Music, Chiefly Original. By Rev. William Hunter and Rev. Samuel Wakefield. Price, 38 cts.

Select Melodies.

Comprising the Best Hymns and Spiritual Songs in common use, and not generally found in standard Church Hymn Books; as also a number of Original Pieces, and Translations from the German. By Rev. Wm. Hunter. Price, 40 cts.

A Short Poem,

Containing a Descant on the Universal Plan. By John Peck. *Multum in Parvo.* To which is added

Universalism a very Ancient Doctrine;

With some Account of its Author. By Lemuel Haynes, A. M. Price, 6 cts.

The Calvinistic Doctrine of Predestination Examined and Refuted;

Being the substance of a series of Discourses delivered in St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, by Francis Hodgson, D. D. Price, 35 cts.

Prophecy and the Times;

Or, England and Armageddon: an Application of the Predictions of Daniel and St. John to Current Events. By Rev. Joseph F. Berg, D. D

Abaddon and Mahanaim;

Or, Dæmons and Guardian Angels. By Rev. Joseph F. Berg, D. D.

A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.

special
colleo.
1859
Smit B

EMORY UNIVERSITY
000015282326